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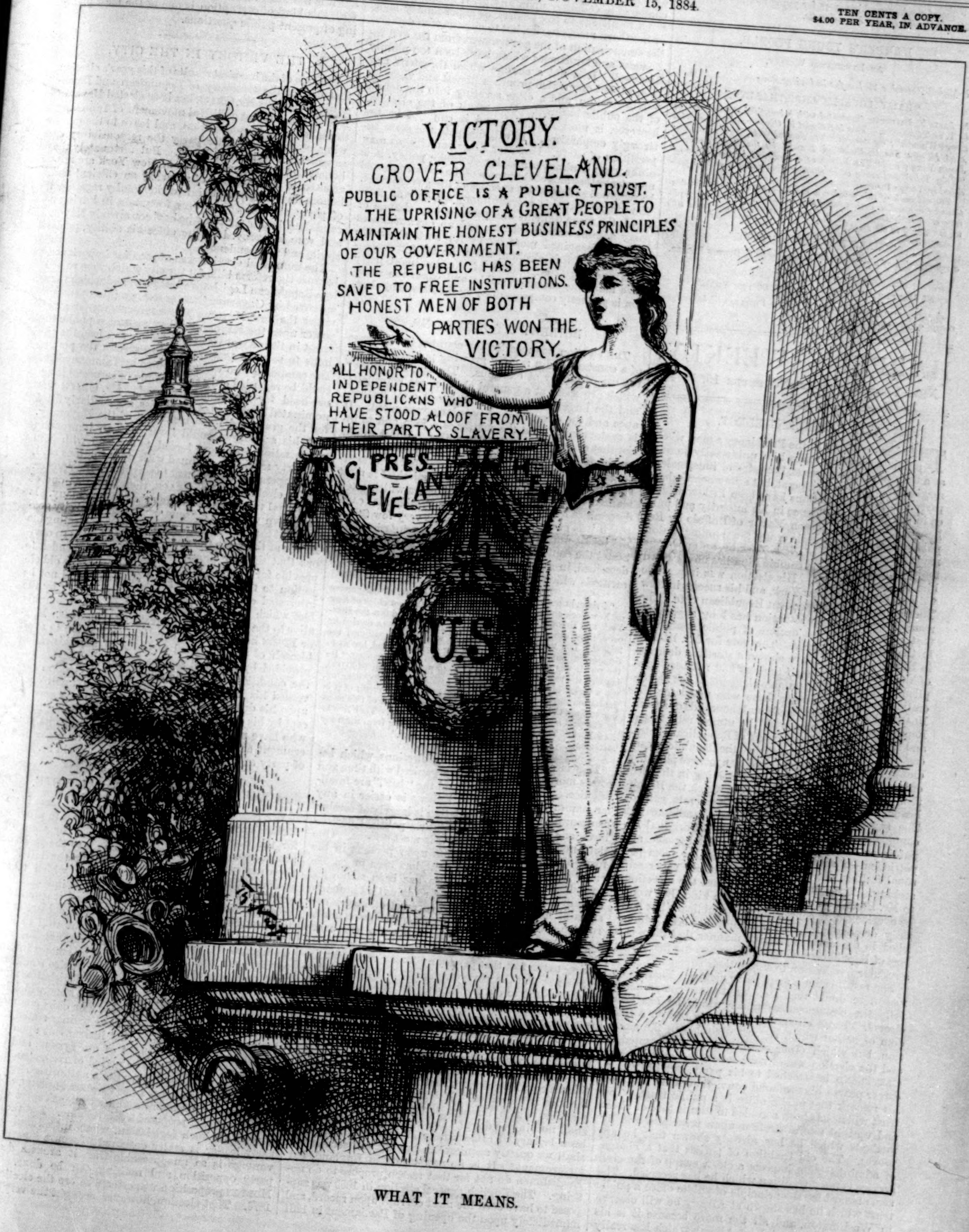

WHAT IT MEANS.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published November 11, has for its leading story

"DAISY LOVELL'S CHRISTMAS-EVE,"

by JULIA K. HILDRETH, *illustrated with a beautiful wood-engraving by* T. DE THULSTRUP. *This is followed by Chapter XI. of the serial story "Wakulla"; the story of "The Spotted Wolf," by* DAVID KER; *Part II. of "The Undiscovered Island," by the English novelist* JAMES PAYN; *and "The Victim of a Camera," by the author of "Toby Tyler" and many other popular stories that have been published in* YOUNG PEOPLE.

The art work of this number is especially attractive, the illustrations by our native artists being supplemented by a charming picture of a little Dutch maiden, who, the accompanying poem tells us, is "Going to the Fair," and

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME,"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

THE election places in the Presidency a man whose public career has made him universally known as a thoroughly courageous, honest, and independent magistrate. He is a Democrat, but a Democrat whose party and political relations have been little considered in the general confidence in his integrity and public spirit. He was chosen Mayor of Buffalo by Republican and Democratic votes; a similar union made him Governor of New York by an enormous majority; and the same combination has now elected him to the Presidency. His election was impossible without the vote of New York, and his success in New York is due to the Independent Republican vote. The result proves what the situation has long suggested, that there is a serious decline of public confidence in the Republican party. The vote for Mr. BLAINE in New York would have shown a startling decrease of the Republican vote if the loss had not been supplied by the most disreputable elements of the Democratic vote. Even among those who voted for Mr. BLAINE there were thousands and thousands of stanch Republicans who voted with the utmost reluctance; and Massachusetts, the strongest of Republican States, cast a majority of her votes against the Republican candidate, and the State was carried by a meagre plurality only. There was nothing more striking in the election than the character of the vote which the Republicans lost and that which the Democrats gained. The secession from the Republican candidate was composed of the most representative of original Republicans of the highest character, intelligence, and patriotism—a secession springing neither from personal feeling, disappointed ambition, nor eager self-seeking. The folly of supposing that the objections to Mr. BLAINE'S candidacy were of a kind that would be overlooked by conscientious Republicans has been fully demonstrated, and the party has been admonished in the most impressive manner that there is a host of Republicans who require something more than a regular nomination to secure their support.

The result is not a mere party victory. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND comprehends fully the circumstances under which he has been elected. Those circumstances secure to him a freedom of action which is most desirable in the situation, but which other conditions in the campaign and the election would have seriously limited. Mr. CLEVELAND is attached to his party, but his whole career proves his profound conviction of the truth of his remark that public office is a public trust. The trust which has been confided to him is that of clean and upright administration upon principles and by methods which he has already shown that he approves. The old tradition of parties that a change of administration imports a clean sweep of the civil service is not a tradition which he has accepted. The same regard for the principle of public office a public trust which he has shown at Albany he will observe in Washington, and all the more because it is his fidelity to that principle at Albany which has really transferred him to Washington. It is a great advantage to the country that Governor CLEVELAND has learned from his official career that dependence upon the good sense and honest patriotism of the intelligent people is a surer reliance than subservience to mere party politicians.

The ultimate results of this great change it is impossible to foresee, and all speculation upon them is premature. The one thing which is clear is that no great national policy will be changed. The Democrats retain the House and the Republicans the Senate. The record of the present House shows no disposition to disturb the existing order. Mr. CLEVELAND'S election does not signify, like Mr. LINCOLN'S, a reversal of the course of the country upon any great question. It is not a result due to free-traders, or paper-money men, or Southern reactionaries, but to citizens who demand the emancipation of the government from the evil influences and tendencies which have been too plainly disclosed. It is not a change which threatens any interest, but one which promises honest and vigorous administration, and a close scrutiny into the details of the public business. One result of the election, however, is most beneficial, and it can not be too strongly emphasized. It will dissipate the mere superstition of party. However American citizens may differ upon cardinal principles of public policy, it is monstrous that half of the people of the country should be regarded as dangerous enemies of the government. The longer that this extraordinary notion was cherished, the more difficult and perilous any change of party administration became, and no circumstances could be imagined more happy for such a change than those of this election, when the most conscientious and devoted members of the dominant party have made the change possible, and when the situation is perfectly comprehended by the President-elect.

BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS.

THE election has recalled the country to the sense of a constant and a rapidly growing public danger—the use of money at elections. The sums of money which are spent at a general election are enormous, and the larger they are, the nearer is civil disturbance and the overthrow of popular government. It is customary to treat the matter as a joke, and to insist that every party is equally guilty. But it would not be found to be a joke if a result plainly due to bribery and corruption should be rejected and resisted. It is in the great cities that the mischief is most marked, and it is the vote in great cities which often determines the election. In every Presidential campaign it is easy to foresee upon what very few States the result must depend, and at what points in those States the contest will be decisive. Thus Mr. DORSEY described, in an interview in the New York *Sun*, the methods which were pursued in 1880:

> "I thought our sole chance lay in concentrating all our powers on New York and Kings counties [that is, in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn]. Well, we did so. We cut down the Democratic majorities more than 75,000, and the State was carried by 20,000. You want to know how this was done," continued the Senator, smiling. "Well, we had a big campaign fund, but as to the way it was spent I would refer again to Mr. STEPHENSON. He handled the money There was spent in Indiana about $400,000, not a nickel of which came into my hands. The Republican organization there was as good as it could be, and the credit of it is due to JOHN C. NEW and Colonel W. W. DUDLEY. All of this money was paid out by Mr. STEPHENSON and Mr. DILLON. They live in New York. There can be no difficulty in verifying from them my statements. I do not think they will deny them."

This is a system of carrying elections which becomes more and more highly organized with time and practice. The "still hunt" and the "bar'l" are familiar names for bribery, and bribery is easier in any community where the population is largely of foreign birth, and where there are neither political convictions nor traditions. The evil is most serious. One form of it, that of assessments upon persons in the employment of the government, has been much discussed, and this especial abuse has been somewhat remedied. But the central fact remains that immense sums of money are raised to carry elections by corruption, and that the practice poisons the government at its very fountains. The evil has never been more conspicuous than in the late election. This is largely owing to the fact that parties no longer represent living issues, and the party argument is mere appeal to prejudice and to old traditions. In this situation the spirit of speculation and jobbery and the schemes of organized capital seek by reliance upon party machinery and by stimulating party spirit to control party to their own profit. It is a time when common honesty in every relation is imperiled.

Nothing is more childish than to say that both parties are equally guilty. That is merely to assert that the vice is ingrained. If both parties are guilty of practices which threaten the peace of the country, shall nothing be done? Or because there has always been bribery of some kind and degree at elections, shall we quietly acquiesce in buying and selling the government? It is no new crime in England, but Englishmen do not for that reason propose to do nothing. The English general election in 1880 was supposed to have been the most corrupt upon record, and immediately upon the opening of Parliament in 1881 the Government brought in a bill by the Attorney-General to repress corrupt practices at elections. The Irish question intervened and delayed action, but the bill was passed in July, 1883. The bill regards extravagant expenditure as "the father of corruption," and it therefore limits the lawful expenses of an election. Neither directly nor indirectly, by payment or by contract, is more than a certain sum to be lawfully expended in the election of a member of Parliament. The maximum sum for a borough of 66,000 electors is £3000, or $15,000. The bill provides the most careful details, and it shows a resolute determination of the representatives of the English people to protect the honest expression of the will of the people. The bribery fund in England is enormous, but it is not less in this country, and effectual dealing with this kind of corruption is one of the most pressing of present public questions.

THE VICTORY IN THE CITY.

IT is one of the happiest results of this year's election that despite the treachery of Republican and Democratic politicians Mr. GRACE has been elected Mayor of New York. It was a skillful movement of Tammany to make an early nomination, and leave to the other wing of the Democratic party the responsibility of supporting another candidate. But fortunately the honest and intelligent citizens of New York are now aroused to the necessity of securing an efficient and honorable municipal administration totally regardless of party, and they were very fortunate in having a candidate like Mr. GRACE, who has been already Mayor, and who has proved in the office his ability, public spirit, and independence.

The municipal election was of peculiar importance, because the reform bills for the city which were passed by a Republican Legislature last year, and which were approved by Governor CLEVELAND, go into operation under the new Mayor. These reforms confer great power upon the Mayor, and they assume a public interest in the city government which will lead the citizens to select a proper man to exercise the power. The candidate who was nominated by Tammany Hall could be regarded only as a dummy or respectable figure-head for the Tammany chief. Mr. GRACE was nominated by citizens of all parties, as peculiarly fitted for the great and important trust of the Mayoralty. But his supporters could form only an impromptu organization, and were forced to contend with both the party machines, manned with unscrupulous skill, and desperately determined to perpetuate their power.

The election of Mr. GRACE, therefore, was one of the signal triumphs of the day that saw so many. It has shown what the citizens who wish good city government can do. But the disadvantage of electing the Mayor at the same time with the President is so obvious that the law should be still further amended to provide for a spring municipal election. The old objection to this plan, that good citizens would not be interested enough to turn out, is disposed of by the fact which we have stated, that they are thoroughly alive to the necessity of interesting themselves. Mayor EDSON has shown an excellent disposition to avail himself of the reformed methods of administration provided by the civil service law of the State. But the conditions of his nomination and election prevented his independence. Mayor GRACE will enter upon his duties absolutely unpledged in any way except by his desire, in common with his fellow-citizens who have most at stake in the city, to make its government as vigorous and efficient and as regardless of party as every city administration should be.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

WE repeat what we said last week, that there is no further excuse for the neglect of Congress to provide for the count of the electoral vote. The want of proper provision is a standing menace to the peace of the country, and the delay in passing the bill is a national disgrace. There is no duty which takes precedence of securing a tranquil and indisputable determination of the electoral vote, and it should be the first business of the session. The subject is so important that immediate action might well be recommended by the President in his annual Message to Congress, and hearty co-operation among intelligent members of Congress of both parties would secure the good result. There is no legislation more simple or more desirable, and there is none which has been more carefully considered. The chief commentators upon the Constitution have plainly stated that the indefinite provision of that instrument upon this subject was the weak point of our system, and this became evident during the period of reconstruction, when there were conflicting State authorities.

It is nearly ten years since Senator MORTON, of Indiana, made an elaborate and excellent report upon the subject, and proposed a fair scheme. But the suspicion that such legislation, when introduced by a party leader, is really designed to secure a party advantage is so unappeasable that it arouses deadly party opposition, and nothing can be done. The MORTON proposition was offered before the election of 1876. That election, however, brought the very situ-

ation which the MORTON bill had anticipated. The election was disputed, and there was no universally acknowledged legal method of settling the dispute. The assertion that the constitutional method was good enough was absurd, because the very question at issue was that of the constitutional method. There was, for instance, no agreement of opinion as to the precise authority of the Vice-President, and nothing was at once more ludicrous and more startling than the incessant cry to stick by the Constitution. There was a storm of newspaper articles, pamphlets, letters, and opinions of every kind, proving beyond contradiction that the country had reached a fundamental dispute for which there was no express constitutional solution. The only peaceful escape lay in an interpretation of undoubted constitutional power which should be acceptable to both parties. This was found in the Electoral Commission Bill, which provided a way in which Congress should exercise its authority to count the vote.

A civil convulsion was avoided. But it was the universal conviction that except for the recent close of the civil war, and the unwillingness to engage in further strife, it would have been hardly possible to reach a peaceful issue. The result was, indeed, a triumph of patriotism. Party feeling upon both sides was very fierce, and eminent party leaders were very hostile to the settlement. But there was no doubt that the country overwhelmingly approved the solution offered by the bill. The necessity of action being demonstrated, attempts have been made during the last eight years to do something, and the Senate has twice adopted unanimously, and the last time without debate, the excellent bill of Senator EDMUNDS. But the House, acquiescing in the mischievous opposition of Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, who proposed another bill, took no action. There is no good reason whatever why a bill so simple and adequate as that of Mr. EDMUNDS should not become law, and a threatening peril of the most serious character be removed at once. If Congress should do nothing else at this next session than pass this bill, it would have done a memorable service.

THE POLITICAL DOLDRUMS.

THE course of the campaign justified our view that the question of protection would not be the leading issue. That some votes would be lost or gained upon both sides by that question, as by the question of prohibition, was certain, but the effort to make the tariff the paramount consideration totally failed. The reason is obvious, and it is that the tariff is not a question upon which the parties divide, and it is one upon which their platform declarations did not seriously differ. The Democrats have a large majority of the present House of Representatives, but a proposition for a slight general reduction of duties was not supported by the party, and was defeated. Some of the campaign speakers upon both sides devoted their speeches in great part to the discussion of the tariff. But it was beating the air. It is impossible to fight over an issue which is not raised. If the Democratic party should declare definitely for free trade, it would go to pieces.

The reason is that for various purposes an enormous revenue must be raised, that it must be raised by indirect taxation—that is, by duties upon imports—and that there is a general demand that those duties shall be laid in a manner which will most encourage domestic industry. But that the duties shall be laid in such a manner as to produce a vast surplus, which represents money taken from the people for no definite purpose, is not a doctrine which any party would care to avow. In his annual Message of December 4, 1882, President ARTHUR said:

"It is one of the tritest maxims of political economy that all taxes are burdensome, however wisely and prudently imposed, and though there have always been among our people wide differences of sentiment as to the best methods of raising the national revenues, and indeed as to the principles upon which taxation should be based, there has been substantial accord in the doctrine that only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government."

This is sound doctrine. It is the doctrine of the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MCCULLOCH. It is the doctrine of this Republican Administration. In his report for 1868, Mr. MCCULLOCH, then also Secretary of the Treasury, said:

"There will be in the future, as there have been in the past, widely different opinions upon this long vexed and very important subject, but the indications are decided that the more enlightened sentiment of the country demands that the tariff shall hereafter be a tariff for revenue and not for protection, and that the revenue to be derived from it shall be no larger than, in connection with those received from other sources, will be required for the economical administration of the government, the maintenance of the public faith, and gradual extinguishment of the public debt. While the country is not at present, and may not be for many years to come, prepared for the abrogation of all restrictions upon foreign commerce, it is unquestionably prepared for a revenue tariff."

The views of the President and of the Secretary of the Treasury, with the action of the Democratic House, and the absence of a direct party issue upon the tariff question at the late election, show that the question is not yet ripe. The Democratic Pennsylvanian Mr. RANDALL is in principle as sound a protectionist as the Republican Pennsylvanian Mr. KELLEY; and the Republican President is as averse to a vast and corrupting surplus as the Democratic Representative Mr. HEWITT, or any other reputable representative of his party. The political situation, so far as great questions of public policy are concerned, is one of rest, observation, and expectation.

THE MEANING OF IT.

THE Albany *Argus*, the Democratic journal at the capital of New York, in an excellent article upon the significance of the result of the election, recognizes that it is not an "old-fashioned" party victory. It is very much more than that. It is the opening of an immense opportunity, which we trust will not be lost. It brings into the Presidency a man who by the circumstances of his election is singularly independent, and who has amply proved his ability to be wisely independent.

Mr. CLEVELAND is not a theoretical reformer; he is a practical reformer whose works have proved his faith. The *Argus*, therefore, says truly that his election "signifies the preservation of every reform established, and the completion of every reform now in its incipiency," and that the new President "comes to his great duty......without pledges or trammels to any man, clique, or faction."

The *Argus* adds these words:

"Let the obligations to the free Republicans be here and now and everywhere and always acknowledged. Neither political party, as a party, has gained or could gain this election. The independent re-enforcements held the balance of power. They awarded it to CLEVELAND because his election was an insurance against a reversal or a suspension of the reforms on which the virtue and culture of Americans are resolved. The meaning of the fact must be appreciated. The pledge it carries must be kept. Our allies ask nothing for themselves, but something for their country. Their interest in the welfare of the country must be regarded. The Democracy are entitled to and will have all the legitimate fruits of success. Theirs will be the origination and enforcement of the policies of the Government. But the Administration must and will heed every lesson taught. It will re-assure good and apprehensive citizens. It will refute the predictions of the malign prophets of evil. It will guarantee to the nation the beneficent results of the Democratic governments now in operation in a majority of the States."

THE BRYANT TREES.

ONE of BRYANT'S favorites among his own poems was the "Planting of the Apple-Tree," and indeed there is a certain fanciful resemblance between the sturdy, healthful, natural vigor of the poet's genius and the characteristic native fruit of his New England. BRYANT is so especially associated with the sweet and peaceful aspects and moods of nature that there could be no more fitting memorial of him than beautiful trees, and it was a very happy thought of his old neighbors at Roslyn, on Long Island, to plant upon the village green a group of trees which had a personal and local association with the poet.

On the day before the late election a large company of citizens of Roslyn and its neighborhood assembled upon the green in that pleasant village, and there planted some trees which had grown in Mr. BRYANT'S grounds at Roslyn from slips brought by him from trees under which he had played as a boy in Cummington, the village in the hills of western Massachusetts where he was born. Mr. PARKE GODWIN, the son-in-law of Mr. BRYANT, made a few appropriate remarks, and the school-children sang the poet's centennial hymn, and the singular fitness and beauty of the simple occasion was deeply impressive.

The trees will be known, doubtless, as the BRYANT trees, a perennial and significant bond between the poet's two country homes, one upon the interior hills, and the other by the salt-water. The house in which Mr. BRYANT was born at Cummington, ninety years ago, has long since disappeared. The one which he enlarged and improved into a charming residence, in the later years of his life, was the house to which his father removed when he was a boy of eight or ten years of age. It looks up and down the valley of the Westfield and across to the wooded hills of Plainfield, in which he opened a law office for a year, and in which secluded village he wrote the "Water-Fowl."

BIRDS OF SONG.

THE season of musical concord will follow immediately that of political discord which has just ended. Even in the crowded columns of the newspaper extras of the last day of the campaign space was found to announce at length the arrival of Madame PATTI and her parrot, and to record that *la diva* stated that she was a little sick on the first day out, but was "able to eat her meals" during the rest of the voyage. This was gratifying. But when she was also pleased to declare that she liked America and the Americans, but that her affection was not strong enough to persuade her to subject herself to the physical discomforts of the ocean voyage, the interest became extreme.

The manager of the opera arrived on the same day, with the air and tone of a Xerxes, and complacently declared that his host of soprani, contralti, tenori, and bassi was invincible, unprecedented, and unapproachable. He may well be pardoned his allusion to the fact that the forces arrayed against him at the Metropolitan Opera-house during the last season were totally routed. But if, as reported, he said that he had engaged TAMAGNIO at $7000 a night, then Mr. TAMAGNIO is the most fortunate of singers in the matter of compensation.

There seems to be something grotesque in the disproportionate space given in the press to this form of amusement. But when a prima donna is paid five thousand dollars for singing once in an opera, and a tenor is to be paid similar immense sums, there is obviously a public interest in their performances which may justify wide publication of the fact that their appetites are good, and that they like America. Undoubtedly they like America; but upon those terms who would not? It is not clear that the Academy with the Italian melody will score this year so decided a victory as it secured last year. There is a musical taste which demands the new German opera, and German opera presented with every proper accessory and in the best manner will command immense favor in this cosmopolitan city.

PERSONAL.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S most arduous act of philanthropy was to cross the desert, at the age of seventy-nine, and have an audience with the Sultan of Morocco, which so impressed that sovereign that for many years the Jews in Morocco enjoyed comparative immunity from persecution. The amount of human suffering which the noble old man prevented by that self-sacrificing trip is incalculable.

—M. JULES FERRY, the present French Minister-President, is married to a great-granddaughter of GOETHE'S LOTTE, whose full name was CHARLOTTE BUFF.

—A friend asked THACKERAY for a recipe for restoring brilliancy to his eyes. The novelist replied: "Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterward with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils inward, and restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher to 'know thyself' be readily complied with."

—A chapel is to be erected in England "to the glory of God and in memory of ELIZABETH EVANS, immortalized as Dinah Morris by George Eliot in her novel of *Adam Bede*." So runs the prospectus, which invites all readers of the famous novel to contribute to the fund. The idea is already very successful, and the edifice will be called "The Bede Memorial Chapel." Its site is in the town of Wicksworth, where Dinah used to preach so eloquently to the simple natives, little thinking, doubtless, that divine art would by-and-by make her artlessness immortal.

—A description of TALLEYRAND appears in the *Croker Papers*, having been written by CROKER in a letter to his wife: "TALLEYRAND is fattish for a Frenchman; his ankles are weak and his feet deformed, and he totters about in a strange way. His face is not at all expressive, except it be a kind of drunken stupor; in fact, he looks altogether like an old, fuddled, lame, village school-master, and his voice is deep and hoarse. I should suspect that at the Congress his most natural employment would be keeping the unruly boys in order."

—When President ARTHUR drove up to a polling place in New York city to cast his vote on the 4th of November, at least a hundred citizens gathered about him. The ballot peddlers scrambled for the honor of giving him tickets, and the welcome was so warm that he blushed like a girl. His vote was neutralized by that of his immediate predecessor on the spot, a sturdy Irishman, who had just deposited a ballot for Mr. CLEVELAND.

—While the President was voting, Mr. GLADSTONE was laying the corner-stone of a magnificent new club-house on the Victoria Embankment in London.

—MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD was announced to deliver an oration in Binghamton, New York. A crowd of masqueraders, in various striking feminine costumes, gathered to hear her, and she was impersonated by a young man of that city, whose make-up was a close imitation of the celebrated Presidential candidate, and whom a committee of elegantly attired gentlemen received with most distinguished consideration. "Mrs. Lockwood" wore a wig and switches, and her figure was finely rounded by not unknown devices of the toilet. Her speech is described as a mass of witty nonsense.

—The old home of ALEXANDER HAMILTON at St. Nicholas Avenue and One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street, with its spacious grounds and wide porches, is soon to become transformed into a series of ordinary city lots. Eighty years ago, and more, HAMILTON spent there the happiest days of his life, with his wife and seven children. The building is two stories high and sixty feet square, commanding a noble view of the Hudson River and the Palisades.

—Mr. EDISON laughingly admits that when a young man he was a telegraph operator on the Grand Trunk Railway, west of Toronto, and was "bounced" because he allowed two freight trains to approach each other contrary to the rules, although there was no collision. The great inventor can afford to jest over such youthful experiences.

—AUSTIN DOBSON on THOMAS BEWICK, the engraver: "He used to go out and look at things, and then come home and draw them."

—Among the members of the Legion of Honor are seventeen lady knights, nine of whom are Superiors or Sisters of orders which devote themselves to hospitals. The oldest two of the nine are Mlle. REGIS DE CLAMECY, who conspicuously resisted the revolutionists of 1849, and Madame ABICOT, who, in the same year, gallantly defended her husband, the Mayor of a French village. This summer two women who displayed their heroism in ministering to sufferers from the cholera in the south of France have also received the ribbon.

—One of the latest public appearances of Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY in England was at a provincial theatre where a version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was being played. The little maiden who personated Eva received a kiss and a bouquet from Benedick's Beatrice.

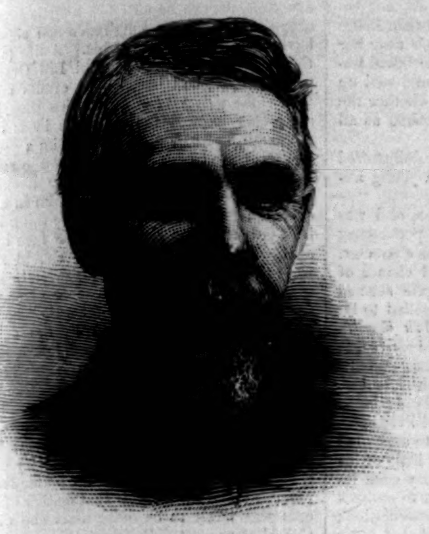
—MAURICE STRAKOSCH, who married ADELINA PATTI'S sister, relates that when four years old the famous ADELINA could sing many of the most difficult operatic airs almost to perfection; that when not eight years old she made her first public appearance at Tripler Hall, New York, singing the Rondo from *Sonnambula*, and JENNY LIND'S "Echo Song"; that when fifteen she was ready for the stage, but he persuaded her parents to keep her back a year; and that on the 24th of November, 1859, she made her *début*, at sixteen, "having on that first night the phenomenal success which has but continued and augmented ever since."

—MEISSONIER'S house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, was built of the best materials, after his own designs, as was also every piece of furniture and every article of silver-ware in it. The style is Italian Renaissance, and the artist takes pride in telling his guests that the structure has not settled an inch since it was raised. There are two studios, the smaller a *sanctum sanctorum*, which few of his guests ever enter.

—It is reported that the Queen will place Buckingham Palace at the service of the Prince of Wales, giving Marlborough House to Prince VICTOR. Under the clamor that has been made by the radical press, the Board of Admiralty have refused to give to Prince LEININGEN, the Queen's cousin, the post of Admiral at the Nore, and have placed him on the retired list. The Queen is said to be trying to arrange a marriage between Prince VICTOR and Princess MARIE of Belgium.

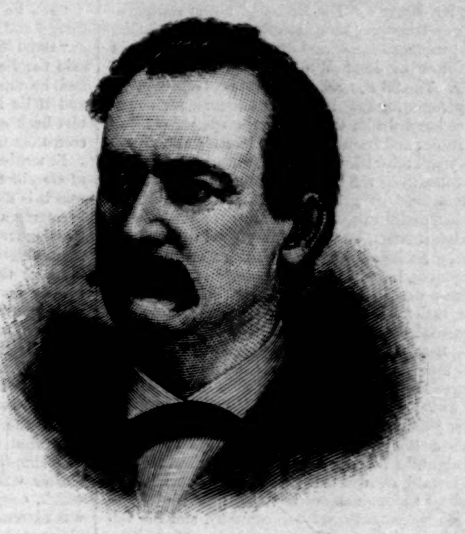
—Twenty years ago a recent essayist met George Sand at a hotel in Tours, France. She sat opposite me, he says, at a narrow *table d'hôte*—a tall, large, strongly built woman, with features in proportion to her size. Her eyes were fine, but her force of appearance was rather physical than intellectual. It must have been the brain beneath the strong features which teased me as it did to make out to myself who she could be. She was mature, but in no decline of force, massive, grave, and restful, with nothing Gallic about her. The dark hair, eyes, and tint might have belonged to Italy or Spain quite as well as to France, and the bearing better. Her dress might have been called dowdy. I think her robe was brown, which did not become her at all. Crimson would have suited her. She wore an ugly, large-brimmed straw hat, with broad lace falling over the brim, at a time when French women had hardly begun to wear straw hats, and, if my memory does not err, she wore it at dinner.

OPENING OF THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by St. John Harper.—[See Page 753.]



THE HON. R. A. ALGER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. J. SMITH.

THE HON. J. M. RUSK, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF WISCONSIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. CURTIS.



THE HON. JOHN A. MARTIN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF KANSAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CONKLIN.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DANCING MASTER PROVES INCORRIGIBLE.

A LETTER from Aunt Mary confirmatory of Thorndyke's words did much to reconcile Ellen to Gerald's present course of life. That it was right for a Rockingham to ride races for hire, she could not believe, any more than it would be that he should drive a cab. It was a comfort to find that the world looked leniently upon it, and regarded the affair apparently as a piece of pardonable eccentricity. She was not blind to the independent spirit Gerald had shown, and upon what John Thorndyke had laid such stress, but she did wish it had taken some other direction. Surely he might have found something better to do than race-riding. Ellen did not know what a well-paid profession jockeyship was in these days, nor did she quite understand the difficulty a young gentleman with no special qualifications had about finding something to do.

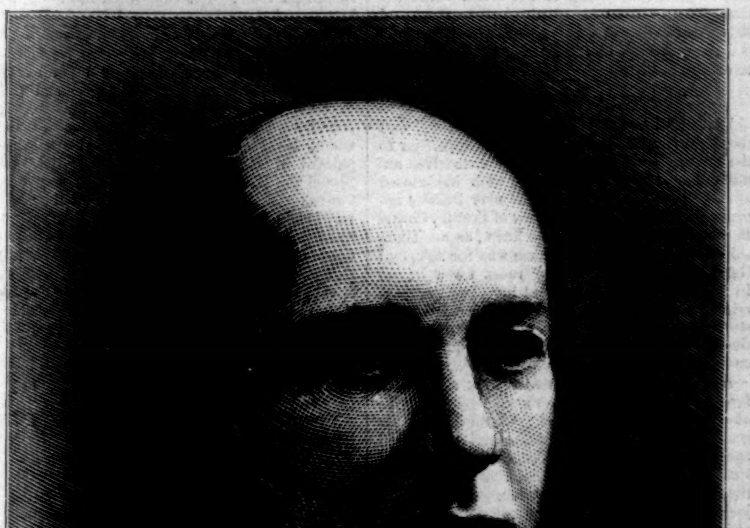
Suddenly it occurred to Ellen that she had forgotten to confide to Mr. Thorndyke the more serious part of Gerald's offending—to wit, his contemplated marriage. Surely Mr. Thorndyke would not approve of Gerald's marrying out of his class. That could have nothing to do with "the spirit of independence" so much lauded, and even the Rector of St. Margaret's, liberal as he was in his ideas, could hardly approve of such a fusion of classes as that marriage would be. Then it suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that, much as she valued the opinion of John Thorndyke, it was quite possible her brother might see no necessity for the Rector's approval on a matter so nearly concerning himself. Moreover, Mr. Thorndyke had already declared that he had no plea upon which to interfere in Gerald's affairs, and given her to understand that only to rescue the lad from a dissolute life, and at the earnest desire of his people, could he have any pretext for meddling with Gerald in any way. Now Gerald was doing nothing of that sort, but was leading a steady, hard-working life from all accounts, so Ellen sorrowfully came to the conclusion that it would be useless to ask his advice about that siren Dollie.

The dead season, as racing men call it, had now commenced; that is to say, the legitimate racing year was finished, and till the saddling bell pealed forth on the Carholme at Lincoln turfites had nothing to do but to study the "Calendar" and discuss the events of the past twelve months. No story, perhaps, was more bandied about than that of Gerald Rockingham, for all race-goers, as well as society, knew now that he and Jim Forrest were one. Gerald had thrown off all disguise about it, and though he still retained his assumed name of "Jim Forrest," frankly admitted to all who cared to know that he was the son of Alister Rockingham.

The promulgation of his real name, to tell the truth, promised to do the young fellow considerable good. He had already shown that he was an artist in the saddle, capable of holding his own with the foremost jockeys of the day, and many an old friend of his father's followed Lord Whitby's example, and promised to give him a turn when the game began again. Gerald, of course, wrote openly now to his own people concerning his career. He told them how well he was doing, how he had already money in the bank, and how high were his hopes for the future. About Dollie he said nothing, but Ellen did not augur there was any likelihood of his engagement falling through from such ominous silence. Still, all that winter, though his letters were frequent, he never came to York. He remitted more than one comfortable little check to St. Leonard's Place, but pleaded he was too busy studying his profession to have time even to run up at Christmas, at which Mrs. Rockingham made vehement protest. But it was no use; Gerald remained resolutely at Newmarket, where he volunteered to give a canter, when weather permitted, to any horse requiring one; and Mr. Pipes, with whom he had become a great favorite, more than once invited him to give some of the Panton Lodge colts "a lesson," which his patience, tact, and delicacy of hand made really invaluable to a nervous young one. But this Gerald steadily declined to do. He made some trivial excuse at first, but at last told the trainer right out that, handsomely as Sir Marmaduke had always behaved to him, he could not forget that the Baronet had taken his jacket away, and therefore he could not think of interfering in his stable without express orders from him, which, as Sir Marmaduke was away gambling at Nice, shooting pigeons, and fruitlessly endeavoring to break the bank at Monte Carlo, he could hardly be expected to attend to give.

Still, Gerald worked hard that winter, and was constantly on the back of some awkward-tempered colt, employed in the not very enviable task of teaching it manners, and before the public were hurrying to Lincoln to once more try to pick the winner of that most difficult of handicaps, and lose their money by backing the always beaten favorite for "the Brocklesby's," the Newmarket trainers had come to the conclusion that there wasn't a lad at Newmarket that could communicate such confidence to a nervous "young one" as Jim Forrest, and many were the good-natured assurances that he needn't fear but what he'd get plenty of riding in the coming season.

We have all our days, our seasons. What ordinary shooting man does not remember the day on which it seemed he couldn't go wrong, could not miss them if he tried? Many of us can recall that day in the racket-court when we played a good seven aces over our game, and astonished our friends in the gallery not a little. Billiards the same. And what hunting man does not recollect the time he got well away with the leading hounds, slipping the whole field by a quarter of a mile or so, and his blood up, riding as he never did before nor since? So it is with racing; and



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM PARET, D.D., BISHOP OF MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 753.]

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.—[SEE ARTICLE "GERMAN OPERA," PAGE 753.]

old turfites can recollect "Sir Joseph's" year, more than one of them, but '51 will do for a sample, Mr. Merry's, "The Baron's," a very complication of triumphs, and, latterly, Lord Falmouth's. This coming season was destined to be known in turf lore as Lord Whitby's and Jim Forrest's year. The fates, tired at last, it may be presumed, of persecuting that irascible nobleman, seemed to have handed him over to be the spoiled child of Fortune; and from the Craven Meeting all through the year his lordship's well-known colors were seen continually in the van. True to his word, he had commenced by giving Jim Forrest some of his riding, and Jim was not the man to throw away a chance when he really had a good horse under him. As he scored victory after victory for his employer, Lord Whitby, to whom a series of successes was extremely titillating on account of the rarity with which such triumphs had been vouchsafed him, was in high good-humor with his new jockey. He somewhat overestimated his horsemanship, and, forgetting that he had a better lot of colts than it had ever been his luck to own before, vowed that Jim Forrest was the best jockey on the turf, "and then, by Jove, sir, he's a Rockingham, and one knows he'll ride straight," a remark which, though doubtless true of Gerald, conveyed a rather unfair insinuation against the majority of his colleagues.

Sir Marmaduke, on the contrary, and his followers, had so far been singularly unfortunate. Mr. Pipes had the mischance to get that bane of trainers, influenza, into his stable, with the usual result—his charges all the first part of the season were rarely quite themselves, while in some of the worst cases it had been found hopeless to get them ready, and more than one rich stake, which had been apparently at Sir Marmaduke's mercy, had to be abandoned because his representative was *hors de combat*. Notably the case this with the flying Atalanta, who had proved herself about the best two-year-old in training last season. She was very heavily engaged, and apparently her taking the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks was a mere question of health. She had been smitten so badly with this curse of racing stables that it was questionable whether she would recover her form during the present campaign; and what made the matter still worse was the well-known fact that when fillies, in racing parlance, lose their form at three years old, they are apt to never recover it.

Even in this Jim Forrest's star was to a certain extent in the ascendant, for Sir Marmaduke, upon hearing from Mr. Pipes what Forrest had said when asked to handle some of his horses in the winter, chose to take umbrage at Jim's refusal, and consequently never offered him a mount, whereby Jim was probably spared discomfiture on more than one occasion, as the Baronet's string apparently couldn't win even a selling race.

You may be sure Jim's career was closely watched in St. Leonard's Place. The widow took to studying the sporting news again, as she had been used at the zenith of her husband's turf career, but with infinitely less trepidation than had come to her in latter days. She did not associate, poor soul, any danger with the race-course except that of gambling, and she was assured that Gerald did not do that. Nor did he. He bet at times, as every one connected with the turf does, but he could not be called a regular speculator. Still, he was putting together a very nice little nest-egg, and toward this Lord Whitby, who was as open-handed as he was hot-tempered, not a little contributed. He was now most thoroughly established in the very front rank of his profession, in receipt of retaining salaries from both Lord Whitby and another well-known magnate of the sporting world. Sir Marmaduke more than once regretted his severance with Jim Forrest; "not but what," he would say ruefully to his great ally, Captain Farrington, "it don't much matter who's up on such a lot of half-trained devils as all ours are this season." There was one exception, and that was the Dancing Master; the influenza had affected him but slightly, and merely necessitated a slight stoppage in his work during that bitter spring-time. Mr. Pipes, like Bill Greyson, had conceived an immense opinion of the horse's capabilities; but he also recognized that the horse equally had an opinion about when it was necessary to exert himself, and that, unfortunately, seldom coincided with that of his owner and trainer. Mr. Pipes was used to deal with all sorts of equine temper, but he candidly confessed that "the Dancer" was a puzzler. He tried—as all trainers do nowadays who know their business—coaxing, patience, and the tenderest handling; but "the Dancer" was not to be cajoled with lumps of sugar, either practical or metaphorical. That willful quadruped had sucked in the idea apparently with his mother's milk—she *was* a jaundiced-tempered matron—that he was to have his own way in this weary world, and could not be got to comprehend that horses are born to servitude. No; they could make nothing of him in the Panton Lodge stable. When he was tried just before the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting, he galloped like a lion, and in the *argot* of the race-course made his antagonists lie down; but in the actual race, three days afterward, he never showed at all; and Blackton once more energetically pronounced him the greatest coward in training.

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied Mr. Pipes, in answer to Blackton's remark just after the race; "the beggar can stay, and is game enough when he means winning; but, damme, I can't help thinking he stands in with the bookmakers, and runs for them instead of for us whenever he's backed."

"I don't quite know what to think, Pipes. He failed at Epsom, the same at Doncaster, and now again over the 'Ditch In' for the Clarets. He wins over the Rowley Mile, the only time he ever wins. It looks to me as if he couldn't get further, and that he's been run ever since out of his distance."

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied the trainer; "it's his beastly temper."

"It's his want of heart," said Blackton, as he turned and walked sulkily away.

"Get him ready for the Hunt Cup at Ascot," said the Baronet, curtly. "If he gets in, well—and he must—I'll stand him a raker for that; and if he fails us, then Bill Greyson may have him back again at once. Better he paid for his corn than me."

In writing the wonderfully romantic narrative of Gerald Rockingham's unprecedented turf career it is difficult to keep clear of the mistake of becoming a mere volume of the Racing Calendar. Continuous repetition of sporting stories of the same description is apt to wax tedious; indeed, in these times it is so easy to bear a little too heavily upon any subject; and writing as I do within half a mile of Westminster, I may surely add talk too much on my subject. Parliament Street is thick with verbiage, national business is at a stand-still, while the six hundred and fifty wind-bags that represent the nation are still busily engaged in emulous cackle.

For the above reason it is necessary to pass somewhat rapidly over the racing of this year, and simply record the fact that the Dancing Master was allotted a weight in the Hunt Cup which, conjoined with the fact that the horse was extremely well, made the Panton Lodge people regard his chance as an immense one, should he only take it into his head to run kindly. Sir Marmaduke adhered to his before-expressed intention, and backed the horse to win him an enormous stake, which he was easily enabled to do, from the known uncertainty of the animal's temper, at a very liberal price. Once more did the erratic Dancing Master betray the confidence of his new owner. Indulging in quite uncalled-for gambols at the post, he got a very indifferent start when the flag eventually fell, but going like a bolt from a catapult when he did go, his tremendous speed enabled him to catch his horses as the hill was topped, and the gay-colored troop came within view of the Stand. Anxious to take a good place, Blackton immediately afterward hustled him a little, and just as Farrington exclaimed, "He means it at last, Marm," the uncertain brute determined not to be put out of his way by any one, shut up, and declined to make another effort.

This last exhibition of the gray's temper was enough for the Baronet; he came to the conclusion that Blackton was right, and that the colt was a rank coward, and ordered his trainer to send him back to Riddleton forthwith. To Mr. Pipes's suggestion that they had better keep the colt a little longer, Sir Marmaduke replied curtly:

"Certainly not; I can't afford to give him another chance. He's cost me about twenty thousand already, first and last, and would be a perpetual temptation if I kept him on the premises. Send him back to Greyson next week. He may be the best colt in the kingdom, but he'd break the Bank of England."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GERALD VISITS YORK.

If his own people had not seen Gerald, neither had his sweetheart. Since that hurried visit just after Egham Meeting he had not set foot in Yorkshire; he had intended then to have returned in a week and take part in the various contests on the Knavesmire; but, as we have seen, false pride had caused him not to keep that engagement. Dollie hardly knew what to think of things. It was true that Gerald wrote lovingly and frequently, and spoke in the most sanguine way of the future; but the girl did think that if he cared about her as much as he pretended, he might have found time during all those winter months to run up and see her. She knew very well that he had openly avowed his name, and that all the world was now aware who Jim Forrest really was; and she had been not a little amused at the way her father and mother had taken the information.

"Dal it all!" exclaimed Bill Greyson when he heard it; "to think that I have had a son of the Squire's in my stable! I'm main sorry to think it. And that he should win the Two Thousand for Riddleton a few months after Riddleton had broke his father! It's like a dream. We ought all to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't tell the Squire about Phaeton."

As for Mrs. Greyson, she completely changed her note; declared that she had always noticed something very superior about Forrest's manner; rallied Dollie about her flirtation; and would simper and say: "I dare say the young Squire will give us a look in before long. We know of an attraction at Riddleton that's likely to bring him north, don't we, Dollie?"

"Don't put such rubbish into the girl's head," the trainer would roughly interpose on such occasions. "He may have taken up race-riding for a season, but men of Gerald Rockingham's blood don't mate with such as us."

And then Dollie would toss her head disdainfully as woman does when it is suggested the victim may break the toils; they never will believe it, and draw the gyves tighter and tighter, despite the warning of worldly-wise sisters, until one day the fetters lie riven, and the captive is gone, never to be recaptured.

But as the months rolled by, and Gerald never appeared either at York or Riddleton, Dollie began to feel not a little uncomfortable. If this had been mere flirtation, incense gratifying to her girlish vanity, it would have been cause of doubt and dismay that her lover could stay so long away from her; but it was much more than that. Dollie knew, alas! she had given her whole heart to Gerald Rockingham, and if he deemed that a bauble not worth keeping, God help her! for she would need it sorely. Could her father be right? Could Miss Rockingham be right? Was Gerald only amusing himself, as she had read and heard young men were wont to do with women, more especially when they did not belong to their own station in life? and then Dollie would throw herself into the arm-chair near her casemate, and as she gazed across the broad undulating grassy expanse the tears would well up into her eyes, and she would wonder whether the world really was so hollow and heartless as all that came to.

That "the world is hollow, and their doll stuffed with sawdust," is a phase that most young women go through in their early days.

Gerald had conceived a great idea, and was working up to it with all the steady persistency that misfortune had called forth in his character. He had heard from Writson that all chance of disposing of Cranley in the aggregate seemed hopeless, and that he should be compelled to lot it and dispose of it piecemeal. Now Gerald, thanks to the liberal presents he had received, in the first instance from Sir Marmaduke and his followers, and latterly from Lord Whitby, had no less than between two and three thousand pounds at his banker's. He worked hard and lived sparingly, and except the money he sent to assist the *ménage* at St. Leonard's Place, spent little of his earnings. He was now making a very good income, and the idea had come to him to embark the bulk of his savings in some turf speculation; to go for one great *coup*, and should that come off, with the proceeds to purchase Cranley; not the manor, of course, but simply the house and chase. The difficulty was, what should the plotted *coup* consist of? He had ridden several colts of Lord Whitby's this year, whose winning might be regarded as fairly certain; but then the prices laid against these at starting had been so short that it required to risk much more than he could afford to win the stake he wanted.

Gerald had for months been puzzling as to how the solution of his puzzle could be come by, but see it he couldn't, and meanwhile he heard from Writson that the handbills would be out early in August, and the sale take place about the beginning of September. Gerald reflected sadly that there remained but a very short time to plan and execute the stroke he meditated. Stockbridge and the Newmarket July meetings were gone and past, and though Goodwood loomed before him he could see nothing in the programme that seemed suitable to his purpose. Suddenly it struck Jim that he would take a few days' holiday, run up to York, and see his mother and sister and Dollie.

It was with a big jump of the heart that Dollie received the letter in which Gerald announced his intention of coming northward. Ah, this would clear up all doubts! Let her but see Gerald, and she would speedily be assured as to whether he loved her still; but she did not want to see him at Riddleton, and that was where she was when she received his letter. She looked forward to the rather slavish adulation that she felt sure her mother would accord "Mr. Rockingham" with as much dismay as the blunt mistrust of her father. So Dollie made up her mind that she must abandon the sweet summer moorland breezes for the hot, dusty city of York, and once more take up her abode with her uncle Thomas in Coney Street.

Mrs. Greyson was not disposed to wrangle with her daughter, according to her wont. Had not that young woman captured what in the good lady's estimation was a stag royal? and although she knew enough of the science of deer-stalking to comprehend that

"Let the stricken deer go weep"

did not at all mean that he was "gathered," that these sorely wounded ones often struggled on to the next forest and then took to themselves another mate, yet Mrs. Greyson, with half-closed eyes, kept on purring to herself over Dollie's approaching marriage with the heir of Cranley Chase. It mattered nothing that she knew, as all Yorkshire knew, that Cranley Chase was for sale, and Gerald a ruined man riding races for a living. In her extreme satisfaction at her daughter marrying a man of gentle blood she ignored the sad story of the past few years, and chose to regard Gerald as holding the position his father had occupied when she first knew him.

Bill Greyson, on the contrary, took a very different view of his daughter's engagement. He admired Jim Forrest much; he recognized his great qualities as a horseman, and had heard from many of his Newmarket compatriots how steady he was in his life, and how steadfast in the pursuit of his new profession. As a brilliant jockey and a straight-going young fellow the old trainer would have held Jim Forrest a most eligible suitor for his daughter's hand, but when it turned out that Jim Forrest was Gerald Rockingham, it was different. A wild, hot-blooded lot the Rockinghams!—ever reckless in their passions as regarded wine, women, or play: such was their reputation on the country-side; and the late Squire had shown himself impregnated with the old Adam in his youth to the full as much as his ancestors. Greyson could hardly believe that, ruined or not ruined, Gerald Rockingham could mean to act fairly by his daughter. To a man of his birth the most obvious solution of his difficulties was a wealthy marriage. Groping dimly in the dark, the trainer had sense in his reasoning. In the state of transition in which we are all now living, the money-grubbers, in their anxiety to turn butterflies, are only too keen to barter wealth for position, though how long we shall be before diamonds, a brown-fronted stone house, a silver-gilt dinner service, and a pair of thousand-guinea carriage horses constitute the *summum bonum* of existence, after the manner of our New York cousins, is a matter of conjecture. Birth and family are not likely to count for much, while the dollar will be all-powerful, in the days that lie before us.

Greyson honestly wanted to see no more of Jim Forrest save on a race-course. He liked him in every respect except as a suitor for his daughter, though he still felt a little uncomfortable that Alister Rockingham's son should ever have been a stable-boy of his. A life passed in the chicanery of the turf, and Bill Greyson (to put it mildly) had been at all events mixed up with some ugly turf stories in his time, had not altogether blunted the veteran's ideas of right. Although he had honestly done him a good turn, he still harped upon the fact that the son of his old free-handed employer, Alister Rockingham, should have been employed by him in a menial capacity. On the other hand, the thing he loved best on earth was Dollie, and his face hardened at the bare idea that a man should meditate wrong to her. It would be far safer, he thought, that the two should see no more of each other for the present. "As for the wife," he muttered to himself, "she's good in the dairy, and keeps a rare hand on 'em in the house, but she's a feather-pated woman, and no judge whatever of weights when it comes to match-making."

Dollie had, perhaps, exercised a wise discretion in not meeting her lover at Riddleton. The judicious pilot does not take his bark between Scylla and Charybdis unless necessity compels; those treacherous headlands are better avoided, if possible; and the girl felt that neither of her parents was likely to be quite what she wished to Gerald at present. Besides, she wanted to have him thoroughly to herself; and then she wondered whether she should see Miss Rockingham again, and whether Gerald meant to present her to his mother. She knew that he had announced his engagement to herself, but she had not come across Ellen since, and she was very anxious to meet that young lady under these altered circumstances.

If Dollie really entertained any doubts of her lover's constancy they were dispelled at once on Gerald's arrival at the drawing-room in Coney Street.

"Oh, Gerald!" she exclaimed, as she at length released herself from his passionate embrace, "what a time it is since I have seen you! Do you know how long it is, sir?"

"Yes; it is very nearly a year since I was last in York."

"And if you are as fond of me as you pretend to be, how could you be so many months without coming near me?"

"Dangling at her apron-strings is not always the readiest way to win the girl you love. When there's man's work to be done, 'tis no time for such sweet fooleries. I only did your own bidding, Dollie; and now I am more successful than ever we hoped in the trade of your naming, surely you'd not have me give up 'silk,' and turn aside when I'm close to the top of the ladder?"

"Of course not, Gerald. You know I wouldn't wish it for a moment, but you must expect a girl to pout a little at her lover's absence, even if she knows he is working hard for her sake. I don't suppose Rachel was very well satisfied with her father's arrangement, and I have no doubt felt quite as bad as Jacob did about it, when she found that she had, after all that waiting, to give way to her elder sister."

"Ah, well," said Gerald, laughing, "my servitude is not going to extend quite so long as that. I shall demand you of your parents before many months, I trust. I have worked hard—ay, very hard—and done better than I could have ever dreamed, and the end of it all is, darling, I have conceived a wilder dream than ever. I told you Cranley was in the market, and I am haunted with the idea of saving the house and park. Writson told me, and very sensibly too, when last here, that it would be madness—that it would involve genteel pauperism—that most painful of all stages of poverty. "But," continued the lad, springing to his feet and pacing the room in his excitement, "at that time I had very little money at the bank. I was by no means sure of making a good income by my profession. Now it is different. I am prepared to risk my small capital to effect a grand *coup*, and should that be successful, I could save Cranley; while with the income I now make we could all live there if we were content to do so quietly, though comfortably."

"Oh, Gerald, that would be glorious! But what is to be the great stake that we are to play for?"

"Ah! that's just where it is, Dollie. I don't know. I can't think of a *coup* to go for with what I call any reasonable chance of success."

"Stop, Gerald. Remember the horse that gave you your first great start—the horse that made you—the Dancing Master. Isn't there something to be done with him?"

"There might be," said Gerald, meditatively; "but, you see, I never ride for Sir Marmaduke now."

"But the horse is at Riddleton. They sent him back from Newmarket directly after Ascot. Sir Marmaduke, it seems, lost a lot of money over him in the Hunt Cup, and vowed he wasn't worth his keep. Father's got him back again."

"Well, it is possible there's a good race in him yet, if one could only catch him in the humor; but—but even then I don't know when it's to be; and, Dollie, the time is so short. The Chase is to be sold in September."

"It's no use talking it over now," said the girl; "still, I've a presentiment that 'the Dancer' is our guardian angel, and he will take care of us yet. He doesn't mean to exert himself till you want him, Gerald; but don't forget he's at Riddleton, well, and—wicked old thing!—anxious for a job. How long are we to keep you with us?"

"A couple of days or so is all I can spare. I have to see Writson, and I must call in St. Leonard's Place; but I have no end of engagements, and must get back south toward the end of the week."

"I was afraid it must be so. No, Gerald; I'm not repining, and I know that it is all for your

good that you should be so fully occupied; but a young woman likes to keep a sweetheart she only sees once a year a little longer with her, if possible."

"Nonsense, Dollie; don't be unreasonable," exclaimed the young man, a little impatiently.

"I am not," replied the girl, softly. "I know it can't be; but I surely may regret that it is so."

Gerald's sole reply was of that description which is best left to the imagination. We can all recall what would have seemed appropriate under the circumstances, and human nature varies little with regard to these things.

"And now, Dollie," said young Rockingham, as the girl emerged from one of those unaccountable but every-day disappearances which so troubled Bella Wilfer, "it's time I said good-by. I've got to see Writson, and prepare my mother and sister to be introduced to you."

"Really, Gerald! Is Mrs. Rockingham anything like your sister? I shall feel so strange at meeting her."

"It would be much the same whoever I brought her, I think. She would never consider any one quite good enough for her scapegrace son."

"I won't have you call yourself names," retorted Dollie, with a stamp of her pretty foot. "You know you are nothing of the kind. You never got into any row yet; and since—forgive me, Gerald, if I seem to speak hardly—you were left a beggar, you've honestly earned your own bread. Scapegrace, forsooth! I don't see much of that about you."

"Perhaps not," said Gerald, laughing, as he took up his hat; "but I must be off now; see Writson, and call in St. Leonard's Place. For the present, sweet, adieu."

"God bless and keep thee, dearest!" rejoined Dollie, as she kissed him; and then Gerald went out into the soft summer air, and wended his way toward Mr. Writson's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GERMAN OPERA.

The bleak, unmelodic days of Puritan times in America gave little encouragement to the development of music, and zealous severity threatened to stifle it altogether in its infancy. For there really was a period when music was completely ostracized in this country, and even the simple forms of primitive psalmody were regarded with condemnative disfavor by the autocrats of the Church. No sounds of "lively voice" were permitted in church or out of it, and the people were commanded to "sing the praises of the Lord in their hearts," but not audibly. Pious mothers rocked their cradles in gloomy silence; the patient toiler could not enliven his task by one cheerful melody; such a thing as a ballad or a love-song would have been considered a sacrilege and a heresy; and the bare walls of the meeting-house were doubly severe in the appalling chill of enforced silence, broken only by austere exhortations, and by moans and sighs and contrite responses. (It is but justice to state that it was a churchman, John Cotton, to whose efforts it is due that music was re-instated.) Contrasting that dark age with the present day, one is apt to feel a satisfaction not untinged by a mild wickedness at the triumph of material pleasures over the solemn, unreasoning asceticism of the early settlers of North America. The latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century mark the dawn of musical culture in this country. The introduction of instrumental music, the forming of singing societies, and the establishment of theatres followed in natural sequence. As early as 1750 *The Beggar's Opera*, at that time the "rage" in London, was performed in New York, and became very popular; this was followed by a number of similar ballad-plays and musical pantomimes. At the same time the different singing societies pursued the study of music in its nobler forms with eager devotion. In the South, the French *émigrés* of 1793 soon exercised the influence of their musical tastes, and New Orleans revelled in secular music long before Boston responded to its echo.

In most cases, however, it was the non-English immigration which changed the current of thought in favor of music. Thus we find Hans Gram, a German organist, editing the *Massachusetts Compiler* in 1795, and Gottlieb Graupner, also a German, leading an orchestra in the old Federal Street Theatre three years later. In 1810 Graupner founded the Philharmonic Society of Boston—one of the most important events in the history of music in America. From that time dates the cultivation of music as a genteel accomplishment in American society. Under fairly capable instruction the taste for the compositions of Bach, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Weber, Rossini, and others found sympathetic expression by a coterie of respectable amateurs. Gradually that circle widened, and the public at large became interested in music in its higher forms. The influence of the quietly unassuming progression of amateurs of music made itself also felt among the professional element. For while amateurs seldom attain to the very top notch of excellence, yet it is they who are the spurs to urge the professional speed. Thus the primitive form of the *Beggar's Opera* and the musical buffoonery of the early English ballad pantomimes faded away before the pretensions of the more refined musical taste, and oratorios with orchestral accompaniment, and finally grand opera performances, became a possibility. As early as 1810 Paisello's *Barber of Seville* and Zingarelli's *Romeo and Juliet* were produced by French artists in this country. These performances grew in subsequent years (1818–24) to really brilliant representations of operas by Rossini, Spontini, Mozart, Méhul, and other composers.

In 1825 a somewhat emasculated performance of Weber's *Freischütz* was followed in November of the same year by the first complete Italian opera company, under the management and with the co-operation of Garcia and his afterward famous daughter (Malibran). Their performances, although not a brilliant pecuniary success, were enthusiastically received by delighted and extremely fashionable New York audiences. The first opera produced by Garcia and his company was Rossini's *Barbiere*, and the critics of that day are full of the praise of its performance. At this time it may not be uninteresting to mention that the most complete orchestra of those days consisted of one pianist, seven violins (including the leader), two violas, three 'celli, two double bassi, two flutes, two clarionets, one bassoon, two horns, two trumpets, and one kettle-drum; a chorus of seventeen persons, all told, together with the six or seven principals, formed the entire *personnel* of the greatest opera company heard in America up to that time.

Dating from the Garcia season up to about 1848, the musical taste in this country was preponderatingly Italian. The arrival of the "Germania" orchestra, which, after its first somewhat disastrous season, came under the able leadership of Carl Bergmann, made a decided epoch for German music in America. They were a band of capital musicians (Carl Zerrahn was the original first flute), and by the exquisite taste displayed in their programme, and by their intelligent rendering of the same, revealed to the American public musical beauties which up to that time had been a sealed volume. They were the first to interest Americans generally in purely German music, and earned for themselves an enviable reputation as most conscientious musicians, and proved themselves, in the face of adverse circumstances, a most brave company of pioneers, many of whom gained a much higher individual standing, after the dissolution of the "Germania," than that of their collective fame. Thus Carl Bergmann became the leader of the New York Philharmonic Society; Carl Zerrahn, the conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society; William Schultze, Carl Sentz, and others occupied prominent places in the musical world of the United States. Although the *Freischütz* was performed in its completeness at the old Park Theatre in 1844, and some years later Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann* was produced under the auspices and with the assistance of the "Liederkranz," yet these performances and other similar ones were principally patronized by Germans, and had but little influence upon the taste of the public in general. Even Von Berkel's brief opera season at Niblo's in 1855 did not appeal to the American public at large, though it was a subscription season, and the singers not unknown to fame.

It was Madame Johannsen, together with Leonard Scheerer, in the season of 1856, who aroused a general interest in German opera; augmented later on by Louis Quint, Lotty, Mr. and Mrs. Himmer, Carl and Theodore Formes, Anton Graf, and others, German opera forced a recognition from non-German auditors. While opera in its present condition can scarcely be more than a merely popular vehicle for the better musical forms, because it is indissolubly linked to the deceptive methods of the stage, and is too much dependent upon the glitter of the spectacle and upon the dramatic license of the performers to be regarded a purely æsthetic demonstration of the quality of music, yet it possesses a power for good which can not be ignored—a power which is particularly exercised by German composers. Generally, Italian opera composers subordinate the auditors to their singers, while the Germans endeavor to subordinate the singers to their auditors. Hence one is apt to meet in the one with an amount of meaningless *bravura* and *fioritura* which serve merely to demonstrate the singer's capacity for vocal embroidery, while in the other one finds most frequently an earnest endeavor to express a harmonious suggestion of appropriate sentiments. And while the former may gain something in pleasing vocalism, the other generally arouses much the deeper and the more lasting sympathy. Italian composers insinuate passion in radiant flesh-colors, gracefully, glowingly, yet with a certain reckless impulsiveness which often appears quite irrational. The Germans seem to dispense romance in a reflective mood. They treat their ideal sentiments with a dreamy tenderness, and cling as far as possible (consistently) to their theme.

But judged musically, without taking the tropical personality of the one or the thoughtful individuality of the other into consideration, Italian opera music is rarely in sympathy with the text, while German composition sacrifices melody rather than violate rational expression. This is especially true in regard to the later and best German operas. The easy, self-satisfied conventionality with which the ordinary Italian composer contents himself with old forms and well-worn phrases, sparsely embellished with fresh motives or original themes, is not so much the failing of temperament as it is the fault of method. A German tries at least (even though he does not always succeed) to endow his entire composition with the spirit of its story, and thus endeavors to lend a character to his opera which is quite in accord with the plot, with the sentiment, and with the ideal of the drama which he attempts to portray. Carl Bergmann was the first to bring the works of that purely German composer Wagner before the American public. From that time to this the interest in Wagner's compositions has been of steady growth. Despite the great disadvantage of hearing his compositions as mere fragments, for which they are particularly unsuited, the American musicians absorbed his ideas and entered into the spirit of his work with rare intelligence. The scant opportunities to listen to his operas in their completeness have been eagerly sought, and the interest in his compositions, once aroused, has never flagged. The first productions of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and, later on, that of the *Walküre*, under the direction of A. Neuendorff, revealed the *rationale* of the great German master, and secured the adherence of many who up to that time were skeptic of his power. The venture of Mr. Theodore Thomas to present parts of the *Nibelungen* is of quite recent date, and served to whet the public appetite for a possible opportunity to witness a complete performance of the same.

All this shows a warm sympathy on the part of the American public toward German music. And, not without reason, Germans, wherever they may be, are ever connected with their father-land by the subtle yet tenacious bond of music. Music claims their patriotic allegiance long after every other bond between them and Germany has been dissolved. Wherever Germans reside, music has a home. It is owing largely to their early settlement in this country that the cultivation of music is so firmly grounded here. The works of German composers, presented by German musicians, and taught by Germans, have been of the utmost importance in the struggling development of music in America, and their influence dates back into the very dawn of musical culture in this country. Singing societies, chamber music, orchestræ, and opera have occupied and are now engaging the most talented Germans in the United States, and much that is best of musical taste in America has been stimulated and nourished and matured by the aid of Germans. The names of Gram, Graupner, Bergmann, Anschütz, Neuendorff, Thomas, Damrosch, Zerrahn, and that score of Germans besides who have devoted their lives and best energies to the cause of music in America, are not equalled by the representatives of any other nation, or all other nations combined.

The labors of Bishop and other English and some French musicians, and the enthusiastic efforts of a number of worthy Italians, should not be forgotten; but it is particularly the Italian school which has done the cause quite as much harm as it did good. Its alluring melody but too often became an insidious bribe to the judgment, and many a budding power has withered to pitiful insignificance by following blindly the sensuous influence of Italian methods. But turning from the usefulness and influence of German music, one involuntarily lingers at its enjoyment. Their simple folk-song, their "männerchor," their "heimaths-klänge," full of tenderness and devotion, show their character to no decreasing advantage beside their more pretentious symphonies and elaborate suites. Their opera particularly aims at an excellence which is calculated to impress the general auditor, whether he be musically educated or no. There they introduce one to their dream-land creatures, who echo humanity in melodious sighs; there one meets with their grandly passionate creations, whose fortunes one is tempted to follow with spell-bound sympathy; there all that is heroic, all that is chivalric and brave, kindles the spark of valor in responsive bosoms, and under the influence of their majestic chords of harmony one silently and fervently worships the Creator. M. T.

BISHOP PARET.

On page 750 we give the portrait of the Right Reverend William Paret, D.D., who has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, to succeed the late Bishop Pinkney. Dr. Paret was born in 1828 in New York city. He was educated at Hobart College, in Geneva, New York, and he first assumed the priestly functions at Moravia, in this State. In the course of his career he has had charge of various parishes, and for the eight years previous to his going to Washington, D.C., he was stationed at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He was installed over the Epiphany Church in Washington in October, 1876, and his rectorship was very successful.

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

The sole object of the American Art Association is to promote the sale of American paintings and sculptures. Foreign works of art have long had earnest friends in the well-known dealers who have made large fortunes by selling them. The purpose now is to organize an attractive and successful market for domestic works of art.

When an American painter has painted his picture, how shall he interest in it a possible buyer? The answer to the question is of the last practical moment to any real encouragement of the fine arts in this country, and without encouragement the fine arts can not live. Shall the artist invite the picture-buying public to his studio? He has tried this plan, but they will not go. He must needs, therefore, send his canvas to some place whither the picture-buying public do go. The annual exhibitions of the National Academy, the Society of American Artists, and similar organizations might serve his purpose, were it not almost an axiom in the studios that pictures do not sell well on such occasions. The sumptuously furnished galleries of the leading dealers are visited freely by patrons, but these places never have truly welcomed the products of native genius. For reasons into which it is inconvenient just now to enter, the seller of foreign pictures makes more money than the seller of American pictures. What, then, is the cisatlantic artist to do in order to bring the creatures of his imagination to the notice of possible purchasers?

The founders of the American Art Association, Messrs. James F. Sutton and Thomas E. Kirby, have undertaken to solve the problem by laying out forty thousand dollars in an extension to the old quarters at No. 6 East Twenty-third Street, and thus establishing four well-lighted and otherwise pleasing galleries, to which they invite all American artists, at home and abroad, to contribute their best examples, with the understanding that the most approved business methods shall be used to effect the sale of the works. The size of these galleries—they are respectively 33 × 48 feet, 16 × 37 feet, 16 × 38 feet, and 35 × 75 feet—enables the owners to accommodate a large number of contributions, and the manner in which the scheme is operated has won the confidence of at least thirty business men, who have founded a fund of six thousand dollars, out of the interest of which annual prizes will be distributed to the most deserving competitors. At this writing the walls are hung with not less than three hundred and sixteen American paintings, forty-five of which were exhibited in the Paris Salon last summer, and all of which are worth seeing and owning. The opening of these galleries on the evening of the 8th of November deserves to be an occasion of great joy to the hard-working denizens of American studios.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Among the archives of the State of South Carolina is the following document, recently unearthed in the office of the Secretary of State, and dated 1733: "The humble petition of all the Maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy condition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captured by widows, and we are thereby neglected; In consequence of this our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine, for satisfaction of invading our liberties."

A Philadelphia physician claims that the ladies of that city are handsomer than the ladies of other cities, and that the reason of it is their comparative freedom from lacing, a practice which deranges the functions of the liver. He thinks also that Philadelphia ladies do an unusual amount of walking out-doors, and that this conduces to the freshness of their faces and the roundness of their contours.

The Rev. John J. Riordan, Catholic missionary at Castle Garden, says, after a three months' visit to Ireland: "It is the dream of every boy and girl in Ireland to get to this country. In every other cabin there is hanging up in the most conspicuous place a photograph of a lady dressed in silk, with a bonnet covered with feathers, or of a young man with stylish trousers and a cane. That's Mary, or Terence, who have been in America only three or four years, and these photographs and the glowing letters that come back about the eating and drinking and high wages turn all the young people's heads. Of all the girls I saw living in comfortable homes there was only one who did not want to come to America."

An English paper enumerates the periods of great heat that have occurred in Europe since the year 627. In Germany, in 1132, it says, "the ground cracked on every side, and became baked to the hardness of stone, and in France, in 1705, meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun." These are statements calculated to tax credulity anywhere east of Chicago, but it is simple to say of the German vegetation of 993 that it "burned under the sun's rays as under the action of fire," because anybody knows it would burn like that if it was the sun's rays which made it burn.

It is said that the average charge for board in Boston boarding-houses is $4 weekly for men, and $3 50 for women, less being charged for women because it is considered that their presence at table is an inducement to the men of Boston, who are most earnestly disposed to eat their beans amid gentle and cheerful surroundings. Fifty cents, it is believed, is only a fair premium for the extra attraction; and the writer who has let the world into the knowledge of all this declares that Boston landladies invariably leave their dining-room window-shades up, so that passers-by in the streets may behold without let all the joy and glory that are inside.

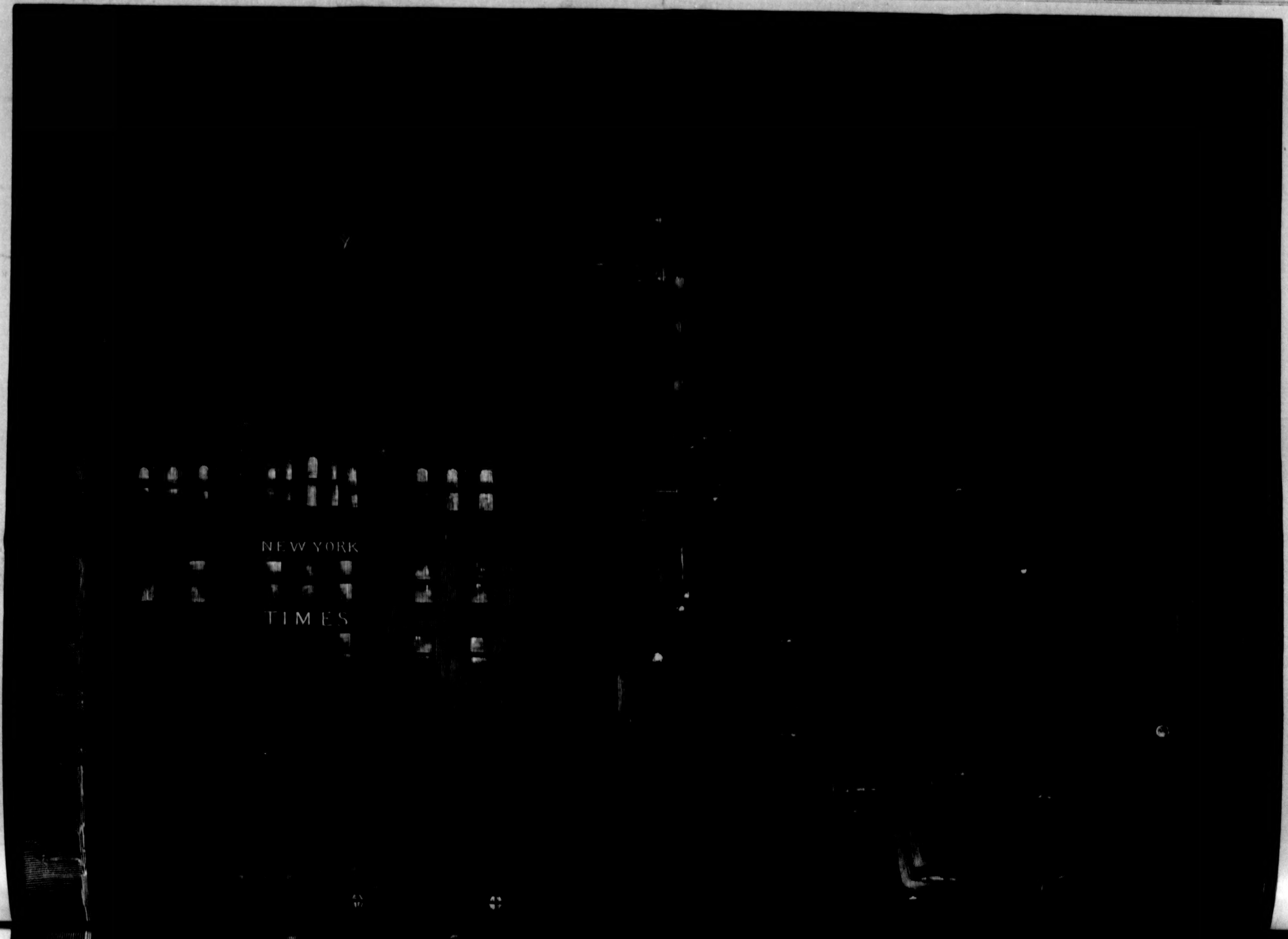
Talk has been carried on over the telephone between a man in St. Petersburg and another man 2465 miles away, and it is now believed that oral conversation between New York and London is quite feasible.

A French *savant* describes the sensation produced in a human being by the impingement upon him of a flying cannon-ball. It is not a satisfactory description, the upshot of it being that sensation ceases almost instantly upon the coming of the man and the cannon-ball together.

There were forty-nine railway companies in Russia, according to the last official report. Of these, four used wood for running their locomotives, consuming 563,029 cubic Russian fathoms in a year, and the others burned coal, consuming upward of 1,230,000 tons in the same time. Since this report was made, the lines near the Caucasus have come to use petroleum as fuel.

Complaints are filed constantly at the Treasury Department in Washington of the inadequacy of the means of life-saving on the big transatlantic steam-ships. A United States naval officer reports that he recently came over from Liverpool on one of these ships, which carried 1300 passengers, and whose boats and other life-saving appliances could not have accommodated more than 400 persons. In case of wreck in mid-ocean two-thirds of those on board must have been left almost without any means of salvation. It is said that a large proportion of the ocean passenger steamers neglect to observe the law which requires every ship to carry boats, rafts, etc., enough to accommodate all persons on board.

THE ELECTION RETURNS—THE EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup and W. P. Snyder.


NEW YORK
TIMES

AT ROSLYN.

(NOVEMBER 3, 1884.)

When poets touch the heart, they touch
To finer issues than the brain
Conceives of either joy or pain;
And their sweet influence is such
As comes to buds with vernal rain.

Sculpture may satisfy the eye
With lines of grandeur or of grace;
Painting restore the hour, the place,
When tranced with wood, or wave, or sky,
We stood with Nature face to face.

And Music—all that spells of sound,
Enamored of melodious speech,
Rejoice in, calling, answering each,
Music may bring; but more profound
Than these the arts that poets teach.

Their Art is Nature. They divine
Her secrets, and to man disclose;
They taught, or teach, him all he knows—
First, last, of the prophetic line—
And what he is, and where he goes.

Of many men and many things
Forgetful—priests that shape his creed,
Stout men-at-arms that make him bleed—
He still remembers him who sings,
Who was, and is, his friend indeed!

Green was the laurel Cæsar wore,
But Virgil's wreath is greener now
Than Cæsar's; that imperial brow
Is balder than it was before,
Powerless; but, Horace, not so thou!

A Queen and player both drew breath
In good old England's golden prime:
To-day the sovereign of that time
Is Shakespeare, not Elizabeth—
Not Tudor, but his powerful rhyme.

What homage shall we offer these,
Our Masters, and their deathless song?
Pay them the honors that belong
To founders of great dynasties—
The strong hands that destroy the strong;

Build monuments to them beside
Earth's mighty ones—theirs mightiest;
Visit the spots that knew them best,
The houses where they lived and died,
The graves wherein their ashes rest!

Master! The monument we raise
Is other than these piles of stone,
Builded by Nature's hands alone,
Before thee all thy length of days,
'Tis near thee now that thou art gone!

Poet of Nature! Thou to her
Wast dearest of this Western race;
And she whom thou wast first to trace,
Discoverer and worshipper—
She folded thee in her embrace!

A child, she led thee hand in hand,
To watch the grassy rivulet flow,
Where still the yellow violets grow,
And still the tall old forests stand,
Though that was ninety years ago!

What monument so fit as these,
Which never from their poet's heart
Were absent—in the noisy mart,
Or in strange lands beyond the seas,
Where still he walked with them apart?

Bring these! O bring the forest trees
From Cummington to Roslyn now!
He would be glad to know they bow
Above him in the summer breeze,
And have their shadows on his brow.

Memorial in Cathedral vast
He needeth none, nor requiem, save
The music of the wind and wave;
Least such a song as this I cast
Like a poor wild flower on his grave.

R. H. Stoddard.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

It rankled within me like a poisoned arrow! Never before, during our whole married life, had my wife alluded to the property in that way. And I had merely said that I thought politics was not the province of women.

Jane was no longer in her first youth, but she was yet very pleasant to look upon. In repose her face was of the Madonna type, with large brown eyes that shone with a lambent light, and hair that lay soft and smooth upon her temples in the sweet old-fashioned way, when bangs and crinkles were unknown. But, my! how her whole aspect changed that morning when I said that women shouldn't meddle in politics! Her eyes flashed, her cheeks were aflame, and her hair crinkled up with volcanic velocity.

"A woman is better calculated for a door mat, perhaps," said Jane, "that anybody can wipe his feet upon, or a patent dish-washer, butter and cheese maker, sweeper and cleaner, and Jack-of-all-trades machine to do the work in a farm-house."

I determined to keep cool outwardly, though I felt an unpleasant heat in my veins which increased with every word that she said.

"Your remarks," I said, calmly, "are as unjust as they are unwomanly, for I have always thought enough of your intellect to consult it in all the transactions of the farm."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," she replied. "I'm not, perhaps, as grateful as I might be if—" She hesitated, and, yes, I remember now, it was not Jane that actually gave utterance to the words, but she certainly suggested them.

"—If you did not own the farm," I said, completing her sentence, and pushing my chair back from the table. "But you need not remind me of that fact; I am well aware of it already."

"Why, John!" she said, putting up her hands in a pleading way that had won me over in our little matrimonial tiffs time and again; but I walked out the door and straight to the barn, where I began jerking my good mare out of the stable in a manner that made her turn her head and look at me in intelligent surprise. I had no kind word for man or beast that morning, and rode away to the nearest town without a gesture of good-by to the little woman who still sat at the breakfast table as I rode by, looking after me with longing eyes.

For that hint about the farm rankled. I found, for the first time, that it sometimes was injudicious for a man to live upon his wife's property. Jane was naturally illogical, and had doubtless ignored the years of labor I had given in supervising her farm, the improvements I had put upon it, the money I had spent. I had neglected my own property, which lay in an adjoining county, and was farming it on shares in a very unsatisfactory way, for the sole reason that Jane's farm adjoined that of her sister, and it had been pleasant for them to be so near each other.

It had been enjoyable for me also, as Jane's sister had married my nearest friend. Dick Knowles and I had been school-mates together, and had grown up like brothers. Dick owned some valuable land in the southern part of the State, but he felt as I did, that the two sisters ought to live near each other, and sublet his farm so that we could all pass our lives pleasantly together. Our proclivities, tastes, sentiments, and opinions had all run in the same channel, so that heretofore it had been difficult to get up an argument between us.

But of late all this pleasant harmony had turned to discord. Dick Knowles chose to ignore the highest principles in politics, and had begun to champion a certain party feeling that was very repugnant to me. How in the world a man with his probity of character and rectitude of feeling could deliberately put aside the very elements of honest success, I could not conceive. Why, his own wife disagreed with him, and deplored with me the path he had chosen in the Presidential canvass. Not that I particularly cared to argue the matter with Maria. She was the wife of my friend, and however erroneous Dick's opinions might be, it was best for his wife not to question their sagacity.

Besides, she was my wife's sister, and by some miserable misconception of the elements of right and wrong, my wife had actually taken part with Dick in his alienation from party principle. I think at first she was only trying in her womanly way to help Dick out. Jane had the tenderest heart in the world, and always flew to the succor of those in distress; but when she found that Dick was swimming with the tide of popular opinion about him, and was perfectly able to defend himself, why did Jane still cling to her objectionable ideas of right and wrong? Why did she allow herself to adopt a style of language that was so distasteful to me? A door mat, indeed! A machine for keeping the farm-house in order! Not so grateful as she might be if the farm didn't happen to belong to her! Was it, indeed, come to this?

I lay the lash upon the haunches of my mare, which almost sprang out of her harness, poor beast! and went flying down the road in a tempest of alarm. I was in a reckless and almost desperate mood, and in no humor to meet with patience the ignorant, coarse, and repelling class of politicians that hang about a country town. I would, in fact, have gone out of my way to avoid them, if Dick Knowles had not been, perhaps, the most aggressive of them all. One word led on to another, blustering boasts were followed by shameless assertions, until, stung to fury, I cried out, "Who among you will back up his opinions with hard cash? I will bet my farm against any man's farm of equal value in this crowd that my choice will be the choice of the people!"

"Done!" said Dick Knowles. "Is my property worth as much as yours?"

"A trifle more, I think," I replied.

"Then let that trifle be thrown in the weight of a good cause," said Dick. "Come, boys, let's adjourn to the lawyer's office across the way, and have the separate deeds put up for stakes in such a way that we can't back out."

The rabble shouted and applauded, and with the good-natured profanity that characterizes a mob of that kind, ratified the stupid and reckless deed by drinking at the public bar at our expense.

Then we rode home, my brother-in-law and I, in a somewhat wiser and sadder mood. The reins lay loosely upon the back of my poor spent mare, and Dick held those of his own spirited bays firmly in check. "John," he called to me across the road, "if I said anything out of the way down there, I'm sorry for it. The fact is, I was mad as a hornet when I left home. Maria is one of the most perfect women God ever made, but she's got some peculiar views lately."

"I have no fault to find with Maria's views," I said.

"Well, no matter, anyhow," said Dick, raising his voice and pounding his fist upon the dashboard of his buggy; "a woman has no right to meddle in these things."

"There I agree with you, Dick," I said. "Women don't understand these matters. Jane is one woman among ten thousand, but she made some remarks this morning—"

"Jane knows what she is talking about," shouted Dick.

It was all I could do to keep from springing out of my wagon and having it out with my brother-in-law there and then, but I whipped up my unfortunate mare, and called out to Dick that we had left our differences in the hands of the law; and from that time till the election was over Dick and I merely exchanged a gruff word of recognition when we met.

Some time after, I was surprised at church one morning to find that Jane and Maria were no longer on speaking terms with each other. As their Sunday silks rustled together they seemed to partake of the combative clash of contention. The whole thing began to strike me as being ridiculous, until Dick Knowles suddenly grasped my wife's hand with the old heartiness. I immediately stretched my hand over to Maria with a like fervor, and we all went our ways, the bone of discord still between us.

On the homeward way I tried to reason with Jane upon her differences with her sister, but she would give heed to nothing that I could say.

"It's too late now," she said; "we've only just got to wait and see how the election goes. Dear me," she added, with a sudden stamp of her little foot, "it seems to me sometimes that I could just fly!"

"I used to think," I said, "that you only wanted wings to make you an angel, but lately I've somewhat changed my opinion." I smiled down upon her gravely, she looked so fair and sweet in her close bonnet with the lavender ribbons, and the bunch of marigolds at her breast; the smile she gave me in return was so pitiful and pleading, my heart melted within me. We were on the road from the mill, with the hedges of young willows on either side; the top of the buggy was up, the back flap of the curtain was down; I forgot for a moment the iniquity of her political opinions, and, stooping, I kissed her trembling lips. To my surprise and consternation she burst into tears. Then I saw to the full how fatal was the proclivity to politics in woman.

"After this campaign, Jane," I said, gravely, "you must certainly leave all these matters to me."

"Oh, John," she said, with a humility that was very soothing to my dignity, "please, *please* forgive me for anything that I have done in the heat of the canvass."

I patted her glowing cheek; it seemed so foolishly odd to listen to the little woman's political jargon.

"Tell me, John," she said, earnestly, "do you think we will win?"

"I hope not," I replied, laughingly, but beginning to be provoked again that her whole heart seemed set upon the issue of the election.

"John, John," she said, "you don't know how much there is at stake."

I remained silent, but thought to myself, "Neither do you, my dear."

So the days went on. The harvest-moon hung red above the turning fields; the beat of the flail gave promise of the garnered grain; through the flaming leaves of the maples and beech the robins flitted and sang; the potatoes were gathered, the corn was cut and stacked, and election day was close at hand. The very night before, I had noticed at the supper table that Jane was laboring under a suppressed excitement. Her cheeks rivalled the bit of salvia she had put in her hair; two or three times I saw her brown eyes fill with tears. She wore a red merino gown with some soft lace about her neck, and never since her girlhood had she looked more sweet and fair. After supper I went out to see after the stock, and looking from the stable door I saw what seemed to me the flutter of a red gown in the dusky gloaming, down under the big chestnut-trees, and peering through the darkness I saw my wife standing there, talking earnestly with Dick Knowles. He was in his shirt sleeves, and leaned idly upon a rake, with which he had probably been gathering the underbrush that cumbered the boundaries of the farms. Jane had likely gone to look after her young turkeys, and had stopped, I thought, to have a chat with Dick. Time was when he would have come up to the house and talked with me, but I remembered sadly that there was no pleasure in that any more. Nor did my wife mention that she had seen him. She knew that Dick and I were not what we had been to each other.

That night my foolish wife lay wide-awake for hours. Every time I turned my weary eyes to hers I found them opened wide. She lay quite still. Her face was white, save for a feverish spot that burned on either cheek. Once she put her hot little hand on mine, but I turned away in grim impatience, beginning to believe we were both bewitched. For, now that matters had been settled one way or the other for the nation, I began to think of my farm. It had always been pleasant to me to remember that I owned those broad acres, and to part with them for a mere matter of opinion would certainly be a grievous wrench to me. But all that was past praying for now. Dick and I had been hot-headed fools, but we must abide the consequences. Our word was a man's word was as good as his bond, and in this case it was a double covenant between us. Besides, the gulf had widened between Dick and me since this stormy campaign; hot words had passed between us. I knew he would rather hang himself than take back his farm if his candidate was defeated, and no power on earth could induce me to accept of mine under a like mischance. The deeds were there, the property must change hands. Yet how could Dick or I rob each other in this miserable way? But could I ever enjoy the possession of my land again if I owed it to the leniency of Dick Knowles? Or would he take his back from me under the sting of a like obligation? It was a wretched muddle either way, and, worn out with contending emotions, toward morning I fell into a heavy slumber.

When I awoke it was broad day, and I was not surprised that Jane was up and dressed and already down-stairs. She was a thrifty housewife, and arose with the lark. I hurried on my clothes, beginning to realize what an important day it was to me, to Dick Knowles, to thousands of miserable wights who had foolishly placed themselves in a like predicament. As I threw up the window the morning air poured in, pungent as wine; a soft bright haze blurred all the sweet landscape that lay before me. The farm was Jane's, to be sure, and perhaps at that moment I had not a rood of earth that I could comfortably call my own; but as long as I owned Jane, her farm was in a certain sense mine, and as I went down the stairs and into the dining-room, from thence to the kitchen and cellar, and out into the garden and out-houses, I began to wonder where this most precious of all my earthly treasures could be. Out in the barn-yard I saw my black boy Sam with a load of wood he had brought from the cedar swamp. I thought Jane must be hunting for eggs in the barn.

"Have you seen my wife, Sam?" I called.

"Yes, sah," he said, opening his mouth from ear to ear; "I see her 'bout 'n hour ago ridin' with Mr. Knowles down to Blanktown. He was drivin' like all possessed: them 'ere bays o' his'n was all in a lather."

I stood looking at Sam a moment, almost as open-mouthed as he; then I laughed. "Ha! ha!" I laughed. "Gone riding, eh?"

It wasn't necessary that Sam should know what a hurricane his words had raised within me; but if a man wants to appear unconcerned when he is distraught with a sudden terror, he never should essay a laugh. Mine echoed in my ears like the ghastly chuckle of a madman.

Then I turned on my heel and went back to the house, to the bedroom. I began turning over the articles there, the blood beginning to boil in my veins. I ransacked the bureau drawers, tossed the bedclothes on the floor, knocked over the wash-pitcher, put my elbow through the looking-glass; Heaven knows what I was looking for—a note, perhaps, to tell me why she had stolen out of bed and gone away with Dick Knowles, what plot they had been hatching the night before, what misery had come to her and to me. Great Heaven! had I, then, been fretting over the loss or the gain of a piece of land, or the easiest way to the heart of a friend, when all I held precious on earth was perhaps lost to me forever, and the once friendly heart was rotten to the core? I remembered all—everything—her white face with the red stains upon her cheeks, the wild sleepless eyes, the little hand she had held out to me in vain. If I had taken that little hand in mine—if I had grasped her close! "Jane! Jane! Jane!" I cried, sinking on the bedside and burying my face in my hands.

And all at once, as if in a dream, I heard the sweet voice of my wife say, "Yes, John, here I am."

I started up amid all the ruin I had made about me, and I heard her again. "John, John," she called, "where are you?"

I went out upon the landing, and there she stood, her bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her dress all covered with the red dust of the road. And how strange is the heart of man! A moment since and I would have given all I could hope from earth or heaven to have my arms about her once again; but now it seemed as if some black shadow stood between us. She held in her hand a roll of foolscap bound about with red tape, and a bit of folded paper torn from an old note-book.

These she extended to me.

"Dick told me to give them to you," she said. "He said you'd know what they meant."

I opened the note and read these words, in Dick's round school-boy hand:

"The jig is up! Your man has won! *No renigging!*"

The roll of foolscap was the deed of Dick's farm. I looked in bewilderment to my wife again. She had sunk in a heap on the old hide-bound trunk on the landing.

"It isn't fair," she sobbed, "to keep anything when it's won in that way. You know, John, it isn't fair!"

Great Heaven! Was she then pleading Dick Knowles's cause with me?

"And yet," sobbed my wife, "I do so hate to take it back from her now. She's been so perfectly dreadful, and said such awful things! Dick says she won't keep it; he says it's different with men, but women have no right to do these things; but I can't bear to take it back. It will always seem as if she gave it to me. And you too, John, how will you ever forgive me? You always thought so much of it, and it seemed to you just as if it was yours always, but it isn't yours any more, nor mine—it's hers!"

I put my hands on her shoulders.

"Jane," I said, solemnly, "will you try to tell me what you are talking about?"

"Oh, you poor dear," she whispered, "of course you can't understand it. How can you ever believe I'd do such a thing?"

"Jane," I cried, shaking her shoulders to and fro, "will you *please* tell me what you have done?"

"Why, I *have* told you, John. Dick says it won't amount to anything."

"Jane, if you mention Dick's name again I'll throw you out of the window! *What have you done?*"

"Why, what's the matter with you, John? Haven't I told you time and again that I have lost your farm? That is, it was my farm, but what is mine is yours. It was all Maria's fault. She was so aggravating one day when we were talking politics I went and bet my farm against hers, and I was sorry right away, but was too proud to let Maria see it, and she was *so* dreadful, she *made* me go down to Blanktown with her and get the deeds fixed, and I've been almost out of my head ever since—it's just spoiled all my interest in politics and everything. It seemed to me as if I wouldn't care *who* was elected if I could only get my farm back, and you

wouldn't know what I had done. And last night I told Dick Knowles about it, and begged of him to take me down the first thing in the morning, and I thought I should die when I found that everything had gone against us. Dick tried to comfort me, but I knew just how you'd feel, and, oh, John, how good you are to me!"

For I had gathered her to my heart on the old hide-bound trunk, and taken her on my knee, and was stroking her hair and kissing her hands, and hadn't made such a fool of myself over her since they shut the door of the carriage and left us alone together the day we were married.

All at once we heard the sound of wheels on the gravel-walk. "There she is," said Jane, looking out of the hall window. "She's on the front seat with Dick. Oh, John, what *shall* I do?"

I put her hand in my arm, and down we went. Sure enough, there they were, Dick's bays all in a lather, as Sam had said; and no sooner were the sisters within hailing distance than Maria called out to Jane, with an air of great benignity, "I sha'n't take your farm from you, dear; it's enough for me to have won the day."

My wife's face was a picture to see. Such a struggle with relief and mortified pride; such an eagerness to get back her farm, yet reluctant to accept it at the hands of her triumphant sister.

I pulled out Dick's deed and went to the rescue. "You and I have always been good friends, Maria," I said; "there's a little matter of exchange I'd like to arrange with you this morning." Dick was frowning, and beckoning me with all his might behind his wife's back, but I went relentlessly on: "A fair exchange is no robbery, Maria. Dick and I made a little bet on the election. I'll exchange his property for Jane's."

Maria gasped a little when she looked over the paper. "Well, of all the fools!" said Maria.

Then Sam put up the horses, and we went in to a somewhat late breakfast. And as we sat there, drinking our coffee in the old genial way, a drop of water fell from above on the table; then another, and another, and looking up, we beheld a big damp spot widening on the ceiling.

"Why, what is that?" said Jane.

I sprang from my chair. "Go on with your breakfast," I said; "I'll go and see."

I went up those stairs three at a time, and flying into our bed-chamber, endeavored to remedy the ruin I had made. I began picking up the broken pieces of the pitcher and the bits of looking-glass, and mopping up the floor, and stuffing things in the bureau drawers, and tossing the bedclothes on the bed, and in the midst of my superhuman exertions to do these things all at once I heard my wife say: "Why, good gracious, sakes alive, John!"

There she stood, like a retributive angel, in the doorway. "An accident, my dear," I stammered. "In my hurry to dress, I inadvertently knocked over the pitcher and put my elbow through the looking-glass. I was a little worried about you; it is not usual for you to get up in the morning and go off in that way."

"Why," said Jane, "you must have known I was all right, for Sam saw me with Dick Knowles. I called out to him to tell you, but perhaps he didn't hear me, we were going so fast. Didn't Sam tell you?"

"Wouldn't you like, Jane," I said, contemplatively, "to have a new carpet for this room, and a brand-new bedroom set, and all those pretty knickknacks in china, and curtains of sprigged muslin tied back with pink ribbons?"

Jane clasped her hands in ecstasy, and we don't talk about politics any more down this way.

ECCENTRIC COLLECTORS.

Some collectors have strange fancies, as, for instance, the gentleman who amused himself in his rambles through the streets of London by purchasing a single specimen of every article sold by itinerant venders for a penny. In the course of time, as I have been told, he had amassed an immense quantity of miscellaneous trifles, which turned out to be a most profitable investment; for when eventually submitted to the chances of the auction-room, they realized at the very lowest computation several hundred per cent. on the original outlay.

The late eminent statesman M. Thiers was for some years an enthusiastic print collector, the *école gracieuse* of the eighteenth century, and more particularly the works of Watteau and Lancret, being the objects of his search. I have often seen him in the Rue Drouot of an afternoon, either inspecting the art treasures "on view," or energetically holding his own against a rival amateur bold enough to dispute with him the possession of a "lot" equally coveted by both; and I remember how on one occasion, a difference of opinion having arisen between him and a well-known *curieux* as to whether a print exposed for sale was in the first or second state, the latter, losing his temper in the discussion, tartly observed, "En matière d'estampes, Monsieur Thiers, je suis plus fin connaisseur que vous." "Non," coolly retorted the future President of the Republic, staring at the other through his spectacles: "vous ne l'êtes pas, ou vous ne l'auriez pas dit!"

I once knew an individual whom I can not more accurately describe than as a "philanthropic" collector, his sole motive in laying out his money in what Mr. Wemmick calls "portable property" being that of benefiting his fellow-creatures by distributing his acquisitions among them. Had he confined his investments to objects of real utility, nothing could have been more praiseworthy; unfortunately he had a mania for wholesale purchases, embracing every variety of miscellaneous articles picked up at cheap sales, and of no earthly value, financial or artistic, whatever. These he stored up in cupboards until a fitting opportunity occurred of disseminating them as birthday gifts or wedding presents, the recipients of his *largesse*, chiefly his own lady relatives and connections, being not only expected to accept them with gratitude, but also to express their admiration of pinchbeck jewelry, or flaring vases of imitation china that would have disgraced the chimney-piece of a lodging-house.

While on the subject of eccentric collectors I can not avoid incidentally alluding to that unfortunate class of beings afflicted with the deplorable malady of illegitimately appropriating whatever they can lay their hands on, of which category old Lady Cork was so notorious an example. Perhaps the most ludicrous of her ladyship's freaks was the surreptitious carrying off of a hedgehog from a friend's house, as recounted by Mrs. Kemble in her delightful *Records*, and her subsequent exchange of the prickly beast for a pound-cake with a confiding baker, who was assured that it would be invaluable to him as a destroyer of beetles, with which his establishment must necessarily swarm. She had a parallel in Paris in the person of the wife of a celebrated dramatic composer, whose favorite victim was a bookseller occupying a shop in the Passage de l'Opéra, immediately adjoining the Rue le Pelletier. Thither she betook herself frequently of an evening, armed with a muff or hand-bag, according to the season, and under pretense of inspecting the latest literary novelties invariably slipped a volume or two into the receptacle prepared for them, and walked quietly away in the most unconscious manner possible. The bookseller, who knew her well, far from interfering with her little game, contented himself with keeping a sharp eye on her from his place at the counter, while his assistant acted as sentinel inside the shop. After her departure, the extent of her depredations having been easily verified, the bill for them was made out forthwith, sent in to her husband next morning, and paid, as the dealer jubilantly remarked, "*rubis sur l'ongle.*"

RANKE'S "UNIVERSAL HISTORY."

Leopold von Ranke, who is approaching his ninetieth year, has just produced a universal history that shows no trace of age. It is clear, animated, and careful. It is the brilliant product of a cultivated mind, learned in all the annals of the past, surveying the whole history of its race, and repeating it in a novel form. Ranke is the most industrious of historians. Every year with him seems to produce its volume or its complete work; all that he has done has been marked by the same care and cautious research. On every subject he has treated he has thrown new light, and his latest labor is not inferior to his best. He was born in 1795. In 1824 he published a valuable historical treatise; he was made Professor of History at Berlin; he travelled in Italy, lived at Rome, returned to Berlin, and began that series of volumes that has since never ceased to flow from his fertile brain.

Time has had no apparent influence upon his mental activity. His healthy intellect has escaped the ills that are said to flow from a prolonged life. He belongs to that fortunate class of authors who by prudence and composure seem to show that the mind is capable of producing its own happiness or its own woe. The extreme old age attained by many writers is a circumstance that has not been sufficiently studied; it proves that literary culture is one of the surest means of preserving mental and physical health. Our own period abounds in examples of this natural result of knowledge. At an age of only seven years less than that of Ranke, the great genius of France, Victor Hugo, still presides over his country's literature. The countryman of Fontenelle, who reached ninety, is still studious and active. Thiers and Mignet were over eighty when they died. In England, Gladstone, Tennyson, Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Disraeli are examples of the healthful influence of a literary life. In our own country the vigor of a Bancroft is scarcely surpassed by that of Ranke, and Whittier and Holmes may well reach the period of Victor Hugo or Simonides.

It is curious to notice among the early Greek writers how prolonged and healthful were their lives. Xenophanes, poet and thinker, wrote his own elegy at ninety-two, and died more than a hundred years old; Simonides was ninety; Aristarchus, the tragic writer, was over a hundred; Cratinus was ninety-seven, and Alexis one hundred and six; Gorgias grew tired of living at one hundred and nine, and Isocrates was ninety-eight when he died. It would be possible to enlarge the list by a great number of names from the philosophers and historians of Greece of those who passed the usual limit of life without losing the power of composition, or of giving instruction and delight. The historian Timæus reached ninety-six; Plato died young at eighty-one; but Zeno, Diogenes, and many others passed the limit attained by Ranke and Victor Hugo.

We listen with natural interest to the story of the human race as told by the eminent historian. No one is so capable as he of drawing into one concise picture the eventful annals of the nations known to the scholar. Egypt, just rising from the mysterious past, opens the splendid panorama; it is the land of despotism, of superstition, and of science. The same intellect that worshipped the bull Apis invented letters and laid the foundation of mental progress. Next the Hebrew, Phœnician, Assyrian, and Persian take up the torch of knowledge. Navigation begins; the world unfolds; discovery, invention, conquest, robbery, and massacre move on together. The Mediterranean opens its secrets to the Eastern mariners. The accomplished Greeks rise like a brilliant apparition, the fairest, the most cultivated, the wisest of antiquity, sometimes the most treacherous and cruel. Their genius enlightens the world. Freedom is born; the new idea spreads over the West. Rome enters on its high career, and the full tide of human progress extends from land to land.

It is a saddening picture at times. We might excuse the barbarous tyranny of the Pharaohs and the savage deeds of Oriental kings. But it is difficult to pardon the evil impulses of the countrymen of the humane Socrates and the liberal Plato. Republicans, one would suppose, should of all men be the most averse to bloodshed and to crime. The amazing exploits of Alexander are lost in a cloud of horror. He is a monster—the parent of monsters—the example of all later conquerors, yet the pupil of Aristotle. In the onward stride of nations the sorrows of the industrial classes are forgotten; yet they have paid for the victories of Alexander, or the conquests of princes and kings, with a boundless expense of labor and of woe.

Ranke is a liberal in feeling, although trained in Continental instincts. He is not a conservative forever desponding, lost in an admiration of a fabulous past. And to those who survey the history of man from his earliest age there is always room for hope. Better thoughts and higher impulses seem to rise forever above the clash and clamor of life; men grow slowly gentler and wiser. The polished Athenian and the stately Roman had cruel instincts and barbarous tastes that mark the youth of the world. The education of twenty centuries has created a plain tendency toward humanity. It is this progress that gives the charm of hope to the study of universal history, and the work of its most recent teacher, the venerable Ranke, will be of great use to every one who would read well the story of the past.

Eugene Lawrence.

POLITICS IN GREENVILLE CENTRE.

BY A LEADING LOCAL SMALL BOY.

Greenville Centre, *November* 3, 1884.

We have had a great deal of politics in town lately. Politics is a brass band, and a torch-light procession, and a lot of fire-works. It's a good deal like Fourth of July, only it lasts longer, and happens only at night.

I have been a Cleveland man. 'Most all the boys are Blaine men, and so is my sister, but I supported Cleveland because he has been a nincorruptible Governor all his life, while Blaine went and wrote a history. I know what history is, for I have to study it in school, and any man who is mean enough to write a history can't be supported by me.

When you support a man you walk in a procession and yell. Sometimes you carry a torch, and sometimes you carry a transparency, which is a box made out of white cloth, with pictures of candidates outside and a candle inside.

I had a Cleveland transparency, and Mr. Thompson, who lives next door to me, made no end of fun of it. I didn't care much about that, but I was surprised when he said that he was going to support Blaine with a Blaine transparency. One night when there was going to be a Blaine procession Mr. Thompson brought out his transparency, and left it on his piazza. The procession was to walk past his house, and he expected to join it and support Blaine all the evening.

While Mr. Thompson was in the house, I took his transparency away and put mine in its place. You couldn't tell the difference between them when the candles were not lit, and I felt a little angry at Mr. Thompson because he had made fun of my transparency and my torch and the rest of my political principles. Of course if I had known what was going to happen, I would not have done it, for I didn't want to have my transparency spoiled.

Well, the procession came along about eight o'clock, and Mr. Thompson came out in a great hurry, seized the transparency, and lit the candle, and rushed out to join the procession.

In about two minutes there was a tremendous row. As soon as the Blaine men saw Mr. Thompson carrying a transparency in their procession, with a picture of Cleveland on one side and of Hendricks on the other side, they made things lively. One man snatched the transparency and smashed it over Mr. Thompson's head, so that it hung around his neck with the handle in front like a pig-yoke. Then 'most all the procession got hold of him and rolled him around in the mud, and after a while they threw him over the fence into his front yard and marched off.

He was all broke up when his folks and I picked him up and helped him into the house. It took about an hour to get the mud scraped off him so that he could talk.

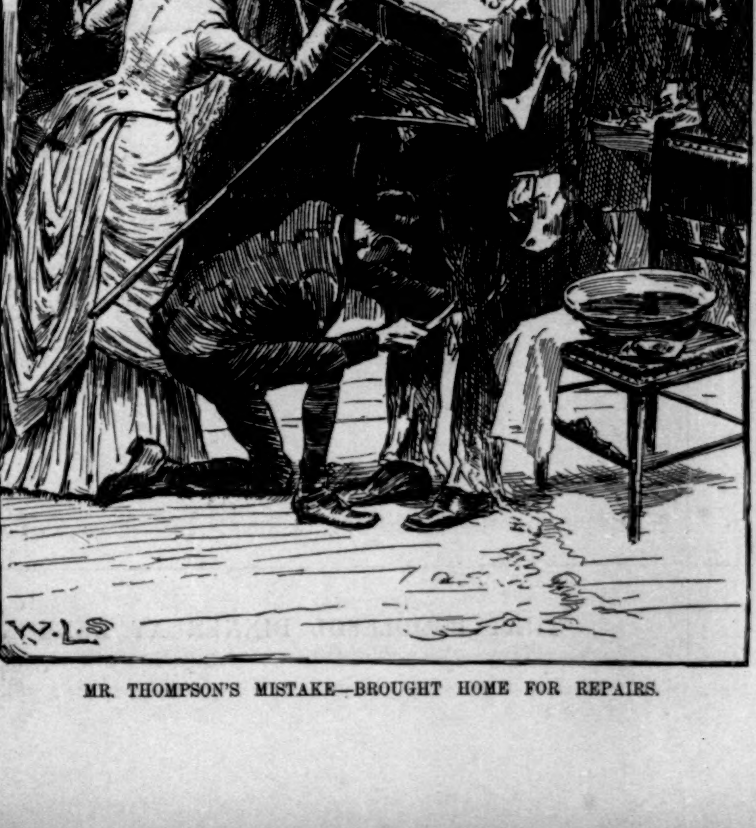
I am glad to say that he wasn't hurt much, only his clothes. As soon as I found that out, and he began to ask what in the world was the reason those abominable wretches had treated him so, I went home. After a while he found out what was the matter, but he didn't seem to be at all angry with me. He was awfully angry with the Blaine men, however, and said that he was convinced that Mr. Blaine's conduct had been bad, and that he should not support him any more. Father didn't say much to me about it, for he is a Democrat, which is a kind of Cleveland man, only he wouldn't support Cleveland because he said he was too old to march through the streets, and that all he would do would be to vote for Cleveland. However, father did say that it was nonsense for that boy to be marching all over town and getting his clothes covered with grease. There was a little grease on my clothes, I admit, for it will drop off the torches. And that reminds me that torches are nothing but kerosene lamps, and all those pictures that pretend to represent savages in Central Africa and other places carrying torches made of wood are all wrong. A torch must be made of tin and filled with kerosene oil and fastened on the end of a stick, and how a fellow can help getting grease on his coat I'd like to know.

As I was saying, father objected to my supporting anybody, and told me to give my transparency away, and spend my evenings at home. We had politics in our town almost every night after that, but I couldn't support Cleveland any more. I think father might have let me support Blaine a few times with the rest of the boys. However, father knows best, for two of the boys got awful colds supporting Blaine one cold night, and have been in bed ever since.

As it is getting late I must close.

Harry C. Wilson,

Late President of the Greenville Centre Boys' Cleveland and Hendricks and Base-ball Club.



MR. THOMPSON'S MISTAKE—BROUGHT HOME FOR REPAIRS.

THAT BOODLEFUL DINNER AT DELMONICO'S BEFORE THE ELECTION (OCTOBER 29).

THE MONMOUTH BATTLE MONUMENT.

The monument in commemoration of the battle of Monmouth unveiled this week at Freehold, New Jersey, is a notable work of art. The first movement toward the erection of this monument was made in response to an address delivered by ex-Governor JOEL PARKER at Freehold on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle, June 28, 1877. A preliminary meeting for this purpose was held September 17, and the Monmouth Battle Monument Association was organized October 2, 1877. The people of the State, and especially of Monmouth County, during the years 1878, 1879, and 1880, contributed nearly $10,000 to this object. The State of New Jersey, by an act of March 14, 1881, appropriated $10,000, and placed the work under the charge of a Commission instructed to select a design, contract for, erect, and finish a monument in the Park at Freehold, where the battle commenced June 28, 1778. The Congress of the United States passed a law, approved July 6, 1882, granting an appropriation of $20,000 for this purpose.

At a meeting of the Commission held March 2, 1883, the design executed by EMELIN T. LITTELL and DOUGLAS SMYTH, architects, and J. E. KELLY, sculptor, and exhibited by MAURICE J. POWER, of New York city, was accepted, and a contract was awarded to Mr. POWER, of the Power Bronze Foundry, for the erection of the monument for the sum of $35,000.

The base of the monument is in the form of an equilateral triangle, with cannon at each angle. Three spurs of granite form the base of the shaft, surmounted at the point of contact by a large drum-shaped block, on which five bronze reliefs illustrative of the battle will be placed. Above the tablets and around the shaft are the coats of arms of the thirteen original States, festooned with laurel leaves. Rising above this is the shaft proper, consisting of three sections, which are joined by rings of bay leaves. The shaft is surmounted by a composite capital, on which is a statue of Columbia Triumphant. The monument is constructed of New England granite, polished, and is about one hundred feet high.

The tablets, five feet high and six feet wide, merit special mention. The models thereof were designed by Mr. J. E. KELLY, of New York city, and the bass-reliefs were cast at the Power Bronze Foundry. They represent with graphic exactness five scenes in the Monmouth battle. Three of them are already finished and in position on the monument. A brief description will be of interest to the public.

1. *Ramsey Defending his Guns.*—This represents Lieutenant-Colonel NATHANIEL RAMSEY, of Maryland, in the closing effort to hold his position until the main army could be rallied. General WASHINGTON had told him he depended on his exertions, and he had promised to check the enemy. He tried with his gallant regiment to defend the guns of Lieutenant-Colonel OSWALD, until, having become dismounted, he was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the British dragoons. In the foreground he is represented with historical accuracy in a hand-to-hand conflict with a detachment of the Seventeenth British Regiment Light Dragoons. Colonel RAMSEY's portrait is from a miniature and a silhouette, taken from life, and furnished by his family. His sword is modelled from the short-bladed weapon which he actually carried and used with great effect that day, and which is still preserved. The uniform, horse furniture, and all the equipments of the dragoons are taken from the official records of the regiment. So particular has the artist been that the "death's-head" may be seen on the hat of the troopers of the Seventeenth Dragoons—the organization allowed to wear the same by the orders of the King, with the motto, "Death or glory." In the background OSWALD is directing his men in their attempt to carry off the guns. It will be remembered that RAMSEY, badly wounded in this personal combat, was taken prisoner by the British. Sir HENRY CLINTON, in soldierly admiration of so brave a man, ordered his release on parole the following day.

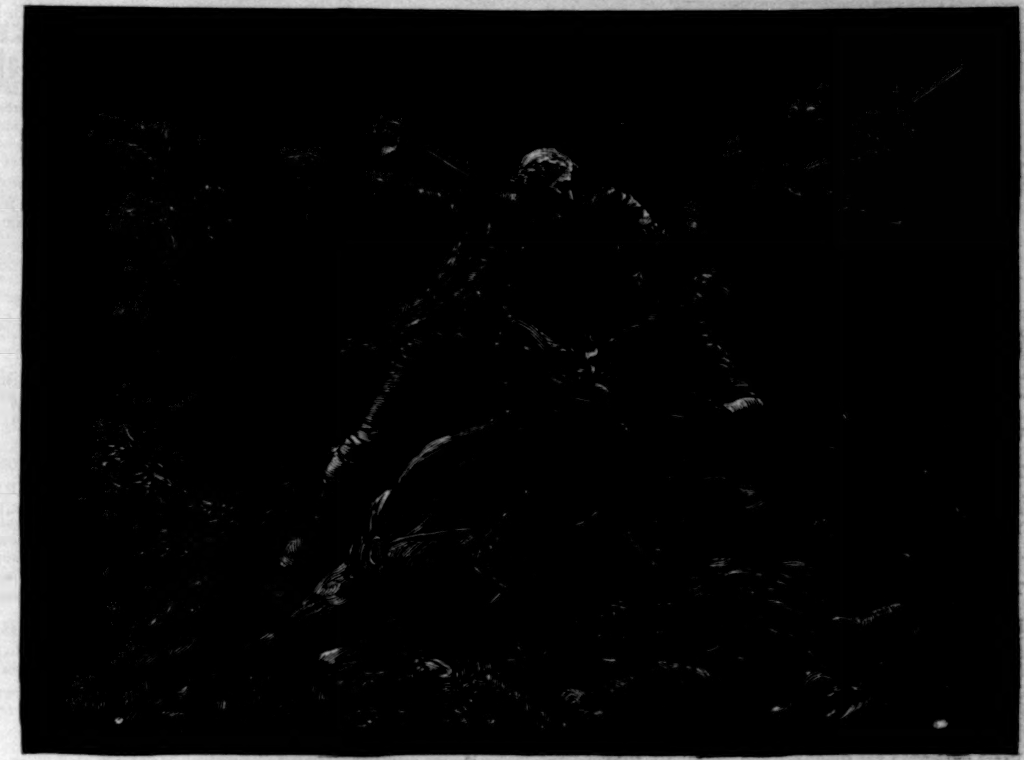
2. *Washington Rallying the Troops.*—The Commander-in-chief is here depicted riding down the American lines on the spirited horse which had just been presented to him by New Jersey's war Governor, WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, and rallying the troops after General LEE's unaccountable retreat. He is placing the regiments of STEWART and RAMSEY and LIVINGSTON in position to check the advance party of the British. General WASHINGTON's head and figure are modelled from HOUDON's life cast, now in possession of Mr. POWER. The model is worked on a scale, and is entirely accurate in all its proportions, from HOUDON's measurements. The styles of the uniform and horse equipments of the chieftain are all from authentic sources.

3. *Molly Pitcher.*—The head and figure of the heroine of Monmouth is an ideal woman of great muscular power. Her dead husband is at her feet, and General KNOX is seen in the background directing his artillery line. A wounded soldier uses his right hand instead of his left in thumbing the vent. This, it is readily seen, improves the composition of the picture. The old Tennent Church, still standing as a memorial of the battle, is seen on the extreme left of the relief.

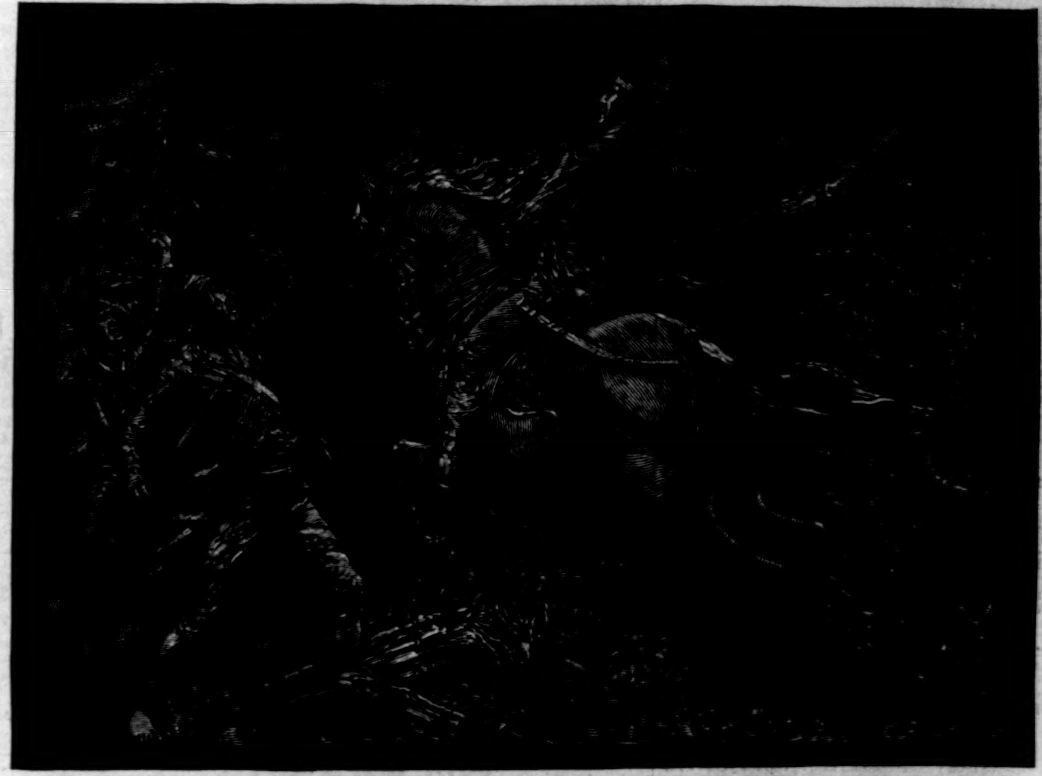
4. *Council of War at Hopewell.*—This tablet is unfinished. It will represent Generals WASHINGTON, LEE, GREENE, STIRLING, LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, KNOX, POOR, WAYNE, WOODFORD, PATTERSON, SCOTT, and DUPORTAIL as they appeared in the important council held at Hopewell, Old Hunterdon County, New Jersey, June 24, 1778. General WASHINGTON is listening attentively as General LAFAYETTE, standing by the table, is urging upon the council to decide on making a strong demonstration against the British column, even if it brought on a battle. The position and general expression of other officers clearly indicate their opinion of LAFAYETTE's appeal. General LEE, who preferred to let the British force parade unmolested across the State, looks anxious and indignant that his military experience and judgment do not entirely control the board. It is also easy to see that the foreign officers STEUBEN and DUPORTAIL want to make a strong attack, and not simply to feel the enemy. General PATTERSON agrees with them, and so does the true-hearted GREENE. General WAYNE, always ready for fight, can hardly wait until LAFAYETTE is finished, that he may speak a few words of ardent patriotism. Colonel SCAMMELL, WASHINGTON's Adjutant-General, who afterward gave his life for liberty on Yorktown's ramparts, is here engaged in noting the opinions of the general officers for the guidance of his chief.

5. *Wayne's Charge.*—The other unfinished relief depicts Mad ANTHONY WAYNE leading his troops, in the final charge of the day, through a trampled corn field, and the battalions of British grenadiers falling back, and trying in vain to carry away the body of their dead commander, Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY MONCKTON. The parsonage of Tennent Church is seen in the background.

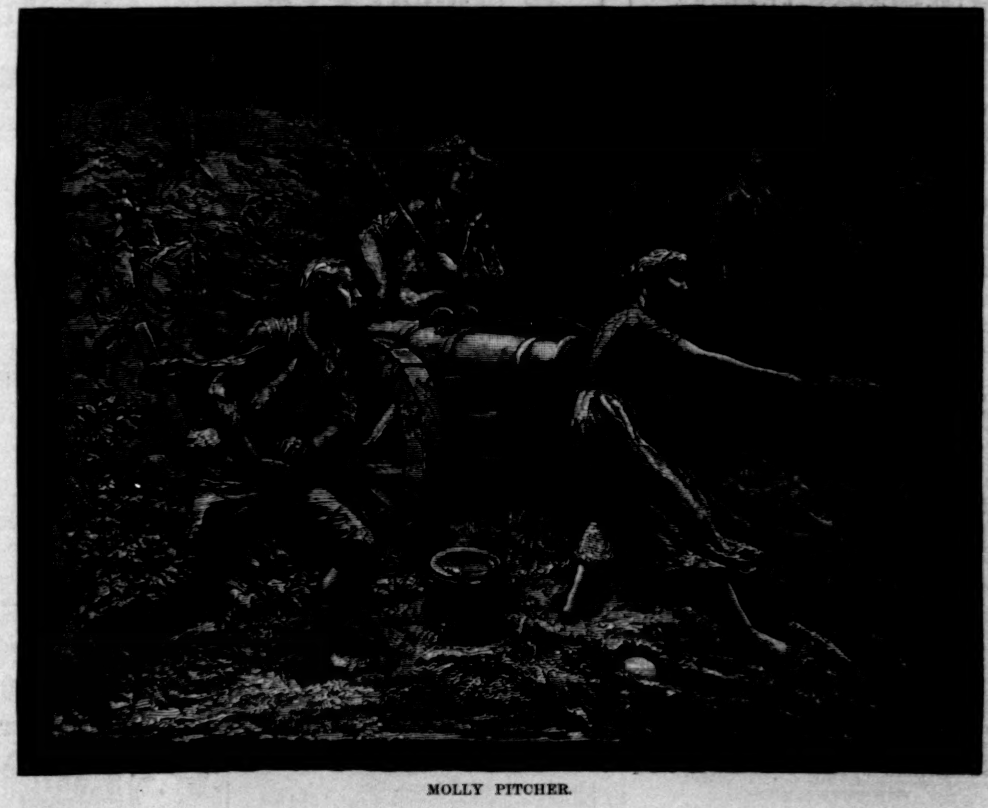
All lovers of American art will be charmed with the wonderful beauty of these reliefs; all students of the Revolutionary epoch will be struck with the zealous care displayed by the skillful artist to have every detail historically correct. The great delicacy with which these bronze panels have come



RAMSEY DEFENDING HIS GUNS.



WASHINGTON RALLYING THE TROOPS.



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from the sculptor's hand will be seen in the fact that all the picturesque qualities of the original mould have been reproduced in the successful cast without the usual chasing.

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By MARGARET EYTINGE.

"DEAREST Sunbeams," mourned the leaves
Of an oak-tree strong and high,
"Soon—the thought is one that grieves—
We must say to you, 'Good-by';
For the winter months are coming,
And the bees have stopped their humming,
And the song-birds south are flying
Over flowers dead or dying."

"Ah! 'tis sad," the Sunbeams said;
"But we'll give you, from our bright
Wealth of colors, deepest red,
To be with you day and night,
Till the time comes for your going;
And of all the colors glowing,
Red's the queen. And so, to cheer you,
You'll have sunshine always near you."

And the leaves are shining still,
With as warm and rich a hue—
Though the air grows very chill—
As the ruby ever knew.
Precious gift the Sunbeams gave them,
Many gloomy hours to save them,
By the truest friendship cheering
Days of life fast disappearing.

OMENS.

PARTS of Georgia are suffering from long-continued drought, and the superstition of the negroes has evolved some characteristic stories. The negroes of Henry County assert that a child was born there which had three teeth at the time of its birth, lived three hours, and died after having spoken three words—"Three dry years." It is also averred that in another county an equally short-lived infant—whether toothless or not does not appear in the story—opened its mouth to say, ominously, "Five years without rain."

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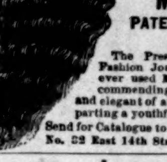
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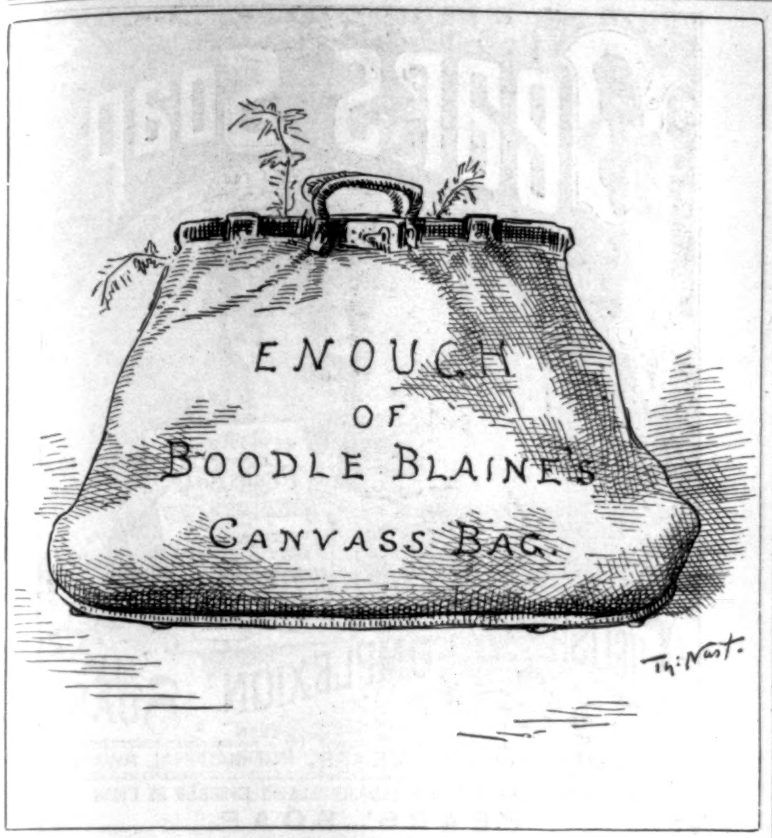

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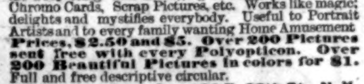

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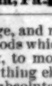

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We shall be pleased to hear from any who have assisted in the canvass of the work itself with a view to taking an agency for the Supplement. The large circulation of the previous volumes of "M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia" should satisfy all concerned that the canvass will be remunerative.

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